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The Digest

REVIEW OF REVIEWS *incorporating* THE LITERARY DIGEST

NOV. 6, 1937

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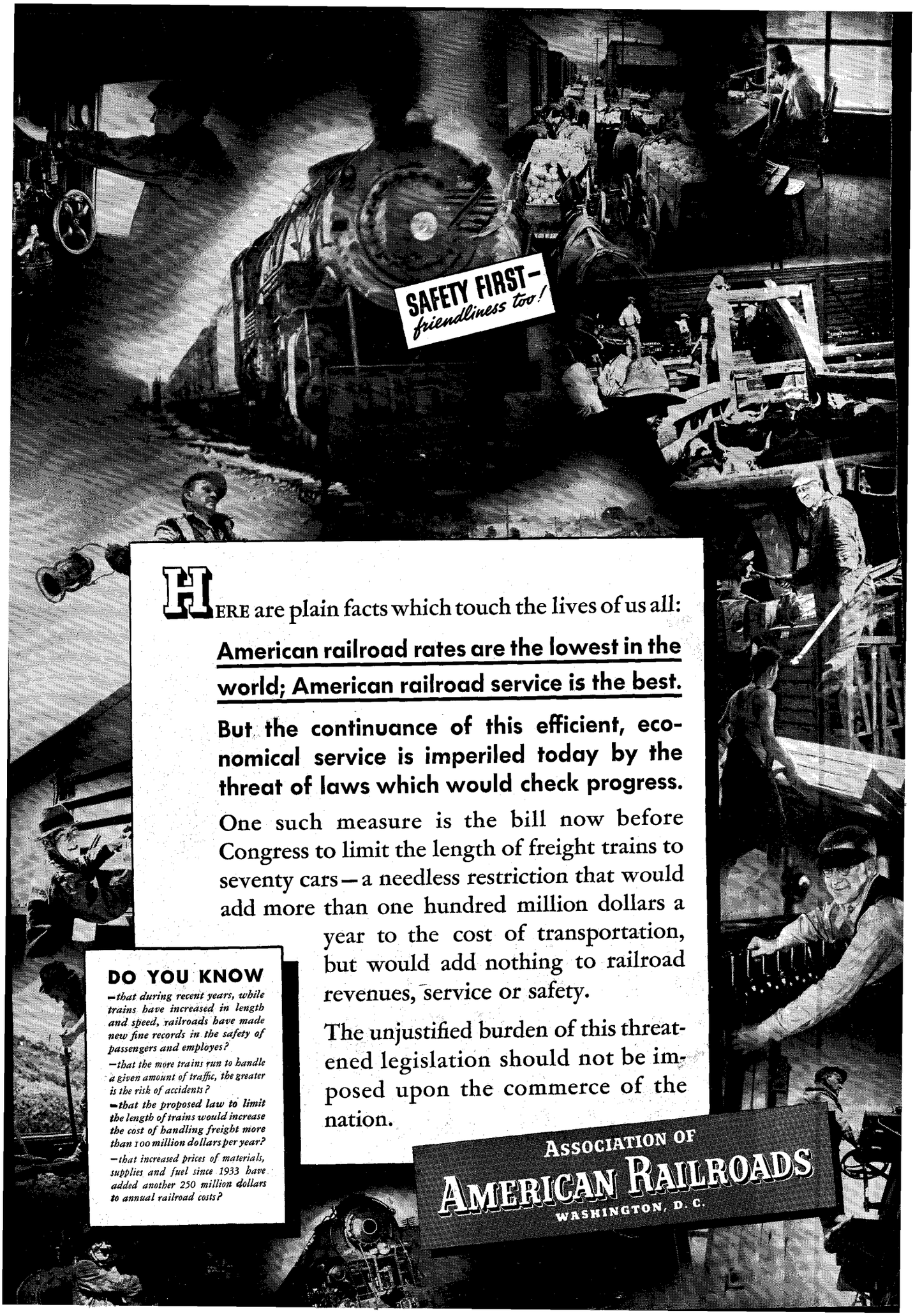

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—that the more trains run to handle a given amount of traffic, the greater is the risk of accidents?

—that the proposed law to limit the length of trains would increase the cost of handling freight more than 100 million dollars per year?

—that increased prices of materials, supplies and fuel since 1933 have added another 250 million dollars to annual railroad costs?

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AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

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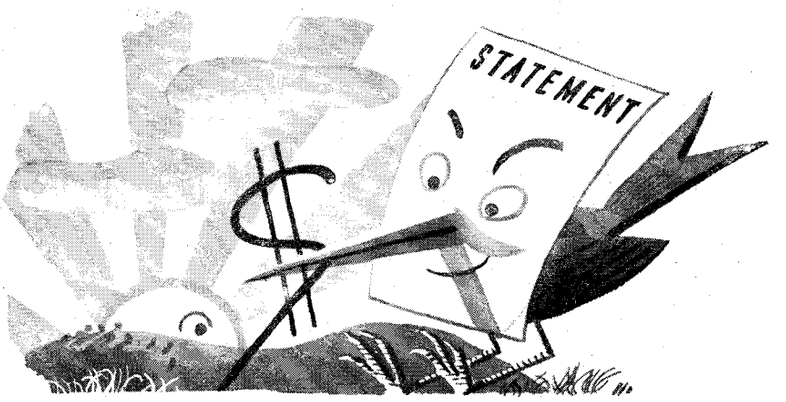

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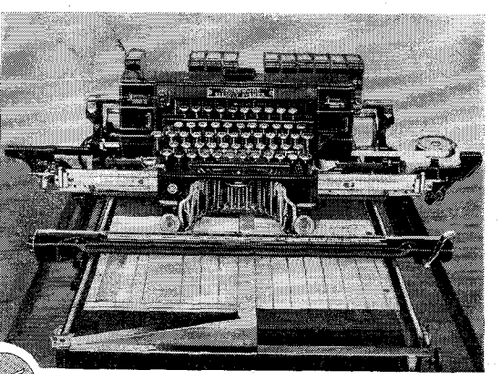

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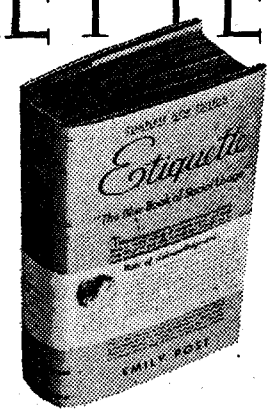

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The Digest

Review of Reviews incorporating The Literary Digest

NOVEMBER 6, 1937

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THE EDITOR'S MAIL

As the purge moves one

New York, N. Y.—In THE DIGEST of September 25, Robert Shillaker takes exception to Westbrook Pegler's view that there is little to distinguish between the dictatorships of nazi Germany and communist Russia. As points of differentiation, Mr. Shillaker mentions the freedom of the ballot guaranteed by the new Soviet constitution and the strength of the Soviet trade unions.

Several very competent observers of the Russian scene have expressed the thought that there is a connection between the recent purges and the first general elections to be held under the constitution. In other words, if the bureaucrat Stalin continues to liquidate those holding opposite views, what chance is there for a free election? With the press, radio, and all means of propaganda controlled by the Stalin regime, the elections will be of exactly the same rubber-stamp nature as those which are held in nazi Germany.

Mr. Shillaker says nothing about the degree of independence the trade unions possess. Isn't it true that the opportunity to strike is denied to workers and that membership is compulsory? If the soviet trade unions were anything but politically dominated organizations, I doubt if they would put up with the great disparity in wages paid workers in the same industry.—*J. P. Kelliher*

Tongue war

Phoenix, Ariz.—Lucian Bernhard, quoted in THE DIGEST from the *American Printer,* says, "The ideal alphabet would have each letter stand for one sound."

The Esperanto alphabet consists of 28 letters, each having but one invariable sound. The International Esperanto League, after one year of existence, has over 10,300 paid memberships in 59 different lands, about 500 periodicals, and several thousand books.

Why has this language not been more universally adopted? The answer lies in this question—why do not the English-speaking peoples adopt the simple and infinitely easier metric system of weights and measures instead of the cumbersome system now in use?—*C. H. McKinney*

Shake the mailed fist

Mobile, Ala.—Having just finished reading for the third time your editorial, "Our Own Business," I feel compelled to tell you that it sets forth the most level-headed view on the Far Eastern situation that I've seen in all the hodgepodge of sentimental drivel and propaganda that I have read.

Our position in world affairs cannot be one of isolation; neither should we try to be a policeman for a lot of people about whom we know little. We can accomplish more in world affairs by taking a friendly, helpful attitude toward all international affairs and keeping all of our defenses strong enough to back up our good nature. No nation will turn aggressor in the face of probable defeat; no wind-beating dictator will risk his job and pomposity in war against well-armed forces.—*Robert Whitley*

Internal liquor revenue

Downey, Calif.—I like THE DIGEST. I like its weekly story of the news. I like its Pros and Cons, especially those which can take it on the chin. If this feature continues through the elections, two pages will not hold the ideas some wish to get off their chests.

I have one—the solution of the liquor question. There is only one. Remove the profits. The more wet laws we have, the more saloons we have. The drier the laws are, the more bootleggers we have. So let the government get clear out of the business, remove all internal revenue, put liquor where it was before the first $1.10 a gallon was stamped on it and the government gave birth to the moonshiner. The extra $1 on the gallon added a few years ago gave the bootlegger just that much more velvet. Permit everyone to make it who wishes to. The moderate drinker will not drink any more than he does now. The chronic alcoholic will not be able to drink any more.—*A. G. Haygood, M.D.*

Innocents abroad

Jacksonville, Fla.—American citizens who live abroad do so either because they like the other countries better or because of material gain. They have reaped whatever blessings there were to be had along with the citizens of those countries in which they lived.

When a foreign country is involved in war, I cannot see how American citizens living within its borders can expect to be immune to the evils befalling that country. They cannot reasonably expect this government's army and navy to enter into a foreign country and in some miraculous way prevent their being shot and their properties from being bombed. The most they can expect from their country is an offer to evacuate them.—*William W. Johnson*

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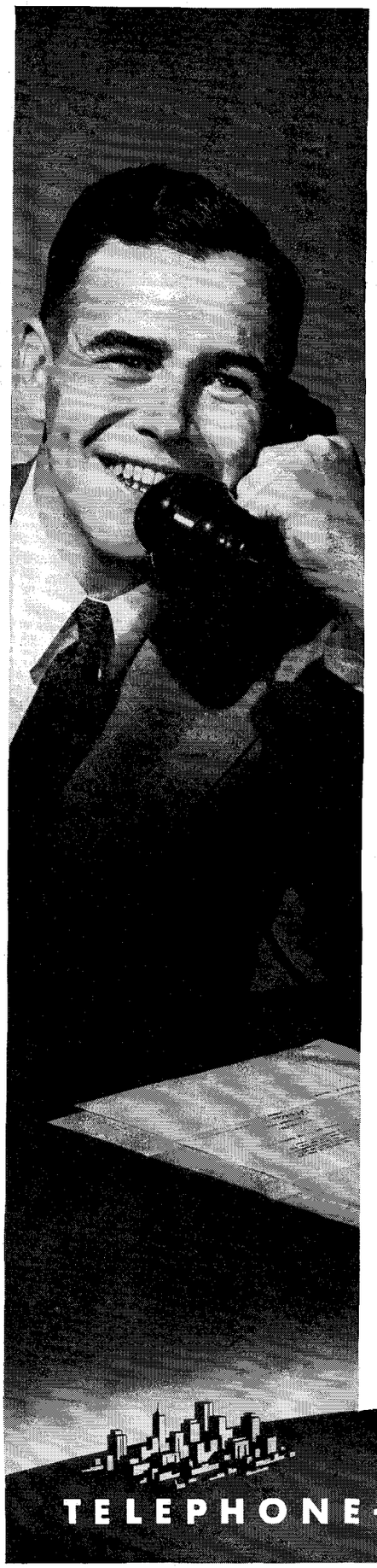

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SUFFERING CHINA is symbolized by this photograph of a young woman (and there are thousands like her) slain during airplane bombardment of Chinese cities

STORY OF A WEEK

WITH its next issue, THE DIGEST will return to the title *Literary Digest,* familiar to the American reading public for so many years.

Words, words, words

SPEECH is silvern, silence golden, runs the adage, but, according to Professor Johnson O'Connor, of Stevens Institute of Technology, and Henry L. Mencken, sage of Baltimore, the adage needs revision.

Professor O'Connor establishes that it's the man with the expansive vocabulary who picks off the executive posts, while the silent lad holds grimly to his clerkship. Discussing qualifications of business executives before the American Institute of Accountants, he declared that among those examined at Stevens, executives of large companies ranked higher in vocabulary than any other group.

Vocabulary, he said, more than any other characteristic, indicates executive potentialities. Major executives in a recent test gave 143 correct definitions to 150 words propounded—one degree better than the rating of college professors and twenty better than the average college graduate. "Typical non-college shop foremen average about as high as college graduates," he said. Department heads scored higher, averaging about 135.

Heedless of the reputed golden quality of silence, Mr. Mencken told a writers' symposium at Columbia University that "we need more and worse words"—particularly slang. He gloried in the word "rubberneck"—which he called "a magnificent masterpiece"—and in "gong-meet," a recent creation, which means one who fails in an amateur performance. "You'll hear it in a presidential message in a few years," he predicted.

Though he thought slang exquisite, he was caustic about its origin. "Slang," he said, "is a deliberate invention by professional smart Alecks—college boys, reporters, newspaper editors and other dubious characters."

The forthcoming *Dictionary of American Speech on Historical Principles* "will be a great reference" work, Mr. Mencken declared, but he lamented the absence of such descriptive terms as "big-shot," "blanket indictment" and "Bible thumper."

Job for Jimmy

TO REFORM "the higgledy-piggledy patchwork of duplicate responsibilities and overlapping powers" in the federal government's executive branch has long been a major objective of the Second New Deal. Checkmated by Congress at its regular session, unwilling to dally till Congress convenes in special session on November 15, President Roosevelt the other day selected his secretary-son James to begin the job of streamlining the work of independent agencies.

At the last Congress, Roosevelt's plea for reorganization, though advanced early in January, was mired by the Supreme Court fight and inability of House and Senate to agree on procedure. The House passed two bills, which would have given

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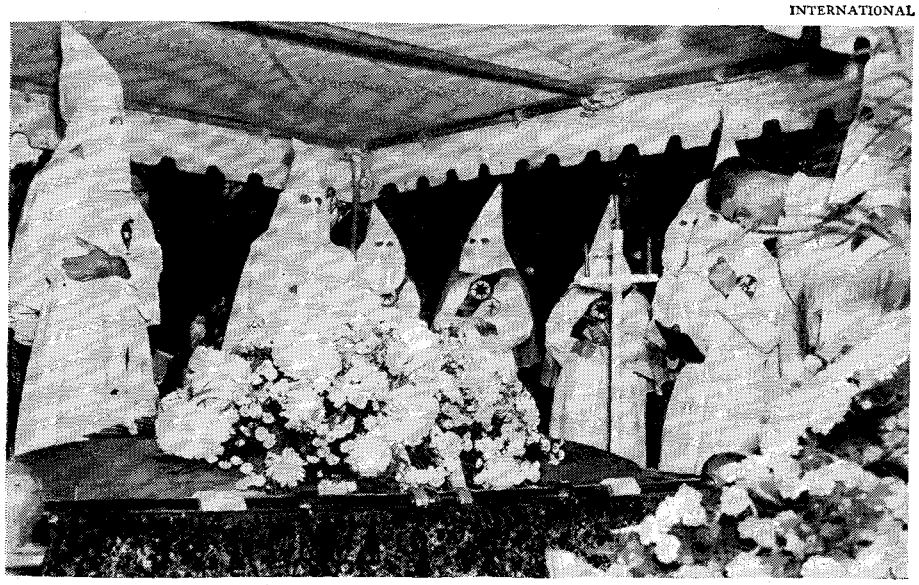

THAT THE KLAN is not dead, though a Klansman is, may be inferred from this scene at St. Petersburg in Florida. White-robed and hooded members attend burial services for Oscar H. Gibson of the local Klavern

the President six administrative assistants with "a passion for anonymity," and empowered him to distribute independent agencies among the cabinet departments. The Senate, however, failed to act.

Now the President has instructed his son James to spend two days a week conferring with the heads of eighteen important independent agencies and quasi-judicial commissions such as the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Securities and Exchange Commission, the National Labor Relations Board, and the Works Progress Administration. Jimmy will take care of routine work of coordinating their efforts and serve as a clearing house for their reports. The President still will be available for conferences on major policies, whenever Jimmy considers them important enough.

When government reorganization is authorized by the next congress—everyone expects it to go through in some form—Jimmy is expected to be one of the "selfless six" assistants to the President.

Reading front-page newspaper accounts of his son's recent appointment, President Roosevelt remarked that it should be a two-paragraph story on page five. Washington observers, however, even those usually anti-Roosevelt, united in acclaiming its importance and wisdom. Arthur Krock, New York *Times* commentator, forecast that "James Roosevelt will perperform his important new duties very well." David Lawrence in his syndicated column hailed the "sensible solution of the President's problem of overwork." General Hugh S. Johnson praised the "ideal solution of a problem which, for the good of the government and the whole country, it was necessary to solve."

Headaches for Congress

WHEN THE special session of Congress meets on November 15 and settles down to consider farm legislation, now slated as Public Problem No. 1, it will be confronted by two dilemmas:

(1) How can voluntary production control be made compulsory without possible upset in the Supreme Court?

(2) How—without increasing taxation on the one hand, or throwing the budget out of balance on the other—can farmers be compensated for limiting their crops?

Preliminary discussion among early arrivals in Washington has already brought hurry calls for headache cures. Lawmakers say experience demonstrates that non-compulsory control is a joke. They point to voluntary control of cotton a few years ago when cash was offered to growers to reduce production. Some took it; some didn't. Many farsighted plantation owners, suspecting that control would lead to higher prices, spurned the government's offer, planted all their acreage would stand and took handsome profits on a rising market. The result—no good.

Should Congress resort to a penalizing tax to curtail production, some prophets predict that the new legislation may rush headlong on the ill-fated route of AAA and end up in a collision in the Supreme Court. They concede, however, that before the Court could hear test cases based upon pending legislation, it might be further liberalized in either membership or philosophy.

The second dilemma facing Congressmen as they roll into Washington is no easier of solution. It involves the delicate matter of raising funds to pay farmers for restricting production. Last week President Roosevelt sent a warning that the new farm bill must provide its own revenue. The Congress, he hinted, must keep one ear attuned to the demands of Secretary Wallace's Department of Agriculture and the other to the needs of Secretary Morgenthau's Treasury Department. It may be as generous as it chooses to the farmer, but it must vote taxes commensurate with its generosity.

"It is especially important," wrote the President to Senator Ellison D. Smith and Representative Marvin Jones, chairmen of the Senate and House agricultural committees, "that any new legislation should not unbalance the expected balancing of the budget. In other words, no additional federal expenditures from the general fund of the Treasury should be made over and above existing planned expenditures."

At the same time, he insisted on a farm bill which would include Secretary Wallace's ever-normal granary plans, providing storage of reserves, crop loans, control of surpluses and price stabilization.

"We must never again," he said, "invite the collapse of farm prices, the stoppage of farm buying and the demoralization of business that followed the Federal Farm Board's attempts to maintain farm prices without control of surpluses."

Freight rates

A YEAR AGO, the railroads of the country pleaded with their doctor, the Interstate Commerce Commission, for a shot in the arm: permission to raise freight rates. Increased costs of materials and higher taxes, they then argued, prevented a fair return on their capital investment and kept them in the financial dumps.

Now, the ICC grants their plea, or at least eight-ninths of it. Freight rates on heavy goods (coal, steel) will be increased. Which should plump an added $47,500,000 annually into railroad tills. Yet railroad men argue that this increase little more than offsets the $35,000,000 pay boost recently granted the Big Five operating brotherhoods; that it does not offset the $125,000,000 increase in costs of materials expected this year, or the $59,000,000 in social security taxes and pensions they shell out each year, or the $98,000,000 pay rise granted non-operating brotherhoods last August.

Thus, though gratified at their doctor's

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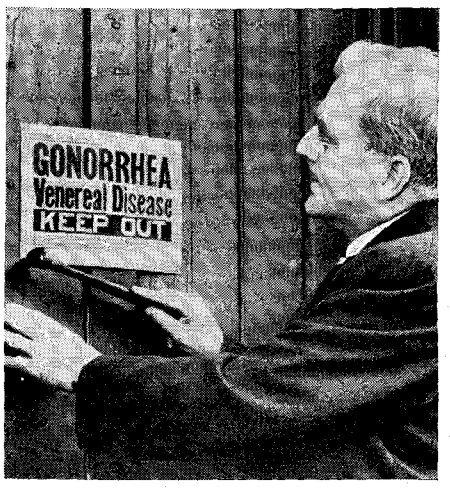

CHICAGO'S Health Director, Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, marches on. Besides tackling syphilis more energetically than any other city official, he also wages war on gonorrhea. Houses of prostitution are being quarantined

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change of heart, they ask for another dose of the same medicine. As they met in Chicago last week to debate what further rate increases to ask for—whether passenger or freight, or both—their competitors, the trucking and shipping lines, considered similar action.

Anthracite ownership

TO INVESTIGATE his state's ailing $500,000,000 anthracite coal industry, Pennsylvania's governor, George H. Earle, last February appointed a New York lawyer, a Columbia University professor, a Washington labor economist, and two Pennsylvanians.

Last May, the five members of the commission disclosed their preliminary findings in three separate reports that agreed with one another on but one thing: something should be done. Then the two Pennsylvanians resigned, and the commission delved anew into the problem.

Seven weeks ago, the chairman of the commission, William Jett Lauck, charged in another report that the hard coal industry was controlled by the railroads. Independent coal companies, he stated, had to obtain "nearly half of their coal from lands leased from railroad anthracite companies on a royalty basis."

Now, in his latest report, written by C. V. Maudlin, Lauck charges that J. P. Morgan & Co. and the First National Bank of New York have Pennsylvania's No. 1 industry under their collective thumb.

Specifically, the report charges that Morgan interests control eight of the ten leading anthracite coal companies and seven of the nine railroads hauling all of Pennsylvania's anthracite. In addition, the First National Bank, the report continues, owns two railroad corporations and two coal companies together with the Morgans.

"Under such a situation," the report avers, "they can forego profits on the production of anthracite and recoup them in high freight rates, thereby forcing the independent companies, which must pay the high freight rates, to operate on a very close margin, or at a loss, and preventing them from providing any real competition in the price at which anthracite is delivered to the consumer."

Replying to the charge, Jackson E. Reynolds, chairman of the First National Bank, declared: "A newspaper states that the author of the report is Maudlin. It seems to me that the report also is accurately described as maudlin."

Likewise, from J. P. Morgan & Co. came this reply: "We have read the press release given to the morning newspapers. ...All that the release has to say...is sheer nonsense."

Parole's defenders

"THE BUNGLING, oversentimental or willful mishandling of the parole problem still remains one of the greatest disgraces America has ever known," G-man J. Edgar Hoover declared a month ago in an article in *This Week*.

Mr. Hoover is fond of pointing to his special file in the Federal Bureau of Investigation, containing names and histories of 13,477 of "our most dangerous" criminals. "These men and women," he fumes, "reek with the stink of mental hydrophobia. . . . Thirty per cent have been freed one or more times as the result of benevolent or silly action by some parole board." Though he does not go so far as Governor Earle of Pennsylvania, who wants to abolish the entire parole system, he demands "sensible selection" and "proper supervision" of parolees.

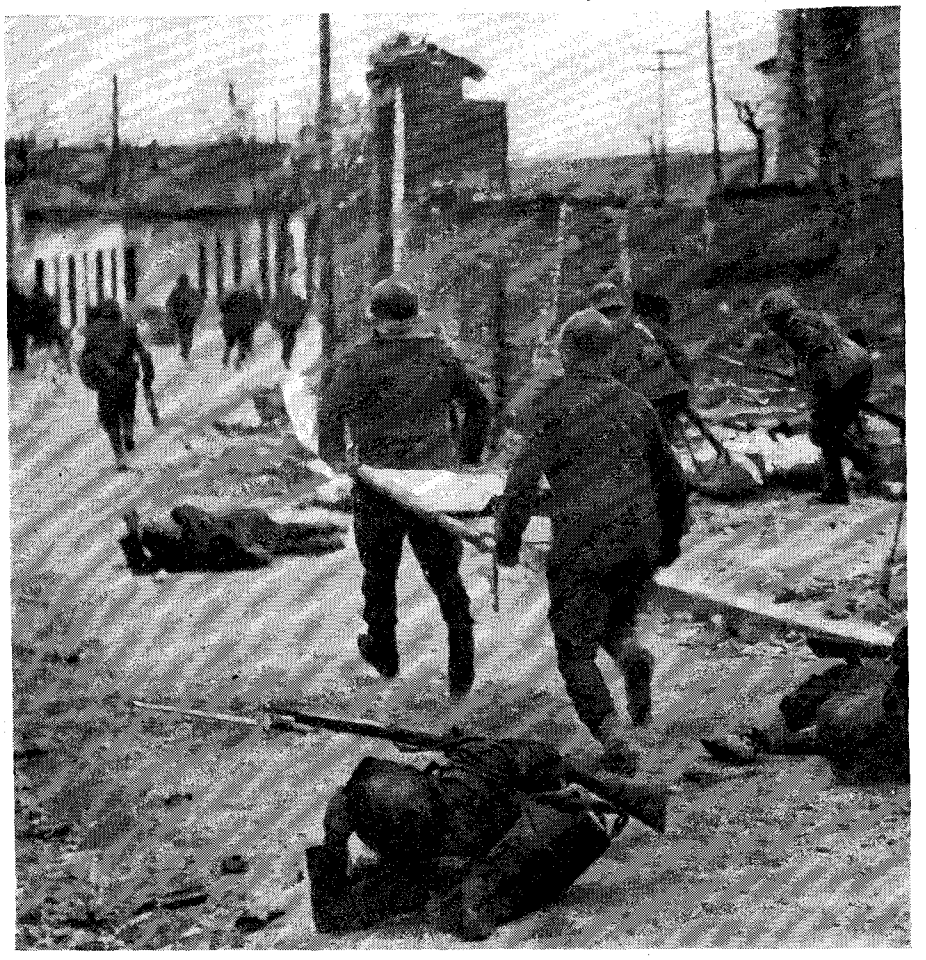
Challenging Mr. Hoover's attitude, Governor Herbert H. Lehman of New York defends parole as "the soundest and wisest system so far devised." While condemning "mawkish, careless or corrupt administration" of parole in many parts of the country, and admitting it will never be foolproof, he denies that the so-called sex-crime wave is chargeable to laxities in parole. Of 925 sex criminals released in New York in seven years, he says, only eight have been convicted again of the same offense. He sees only one alternative to parole: "to keep the convicts in prison until the expiration of a fixed mandatory sentence and then turn them loose unguarded, unsupervised and uncontrolled."

In his state there are 8000 parolees, 85 per cent of whom are gainfully employed. To keep them in jail would cost $36,000,000 for new prison facilities and $5,000,000 a year for maintenance.

Joining in defense of parole, Sanford Bates, former Federal Director of Prisons, now director of the Boys' Clubs of America, points out that, of all persons arrested in the country, fewer than 1 per cent are on parole. In New York the crime rate is 30.1 per 100,000 population, he declares; the national rate is 74.

"The public," Bates concludes, "is entitled to a system that may rehabilitate some criminals, not to the sadistic satisfaction of seeing people suffer in prison."

INTERPHOTO



IN SPAIN the stretcher-bearers follow close upon the heels of charging infantry, passing quickly by the dead and seeking only the wounded

Scottsboro case

"HAYWOOD PATTERSON, petr., v. State of Alabama. Petition for writ of cert. to the Supreme Court of Alabama denied. Justice Black took no part in the consideration and decision of this application."

Thus tersely the United States Supreme Court last week refused to review the latest appeal in the Scottsboro case. Three times sentenced to death since that day of March 25, 1931, when he, with eight other Negro youths, was accused of rape, and three times granted new trials, Patterson now must serve seventy-five years in jail. The Supreme Court, which twice overruled convictions on technical grounds, declines to consider his charges

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"NEWS OF THE DAY" FROM INTERNATIONAL

CHINESE ARTILLERYMEN snapped in a pose worthy of artist or movie director. More equipment like this, and the battle would not be so one-sided

that he was deprived of a fair trial by refusal to shift the case to another court and by a judge's charge to a jury.

Since Justice Black did not participate in the decision, his former Klan connection cannot be brought into the case.

The ledger now reads: four of the nine boys free, one jailed for 20 years for stabbing a prison guard, four convicted of rape. Two of the convicted will serve 75 years, one 99, and one is sentenced to die. While Samuel Liebowitz, chief defense counsel, was meditating new action last week, the Rev. Dr. Allan Knight Chalmers, chairman of the Scottsboro Defense Committee, declared: "The decision of the United States Supreme Court apparently closes out further legal action in the case of Haywood Patterson. It does not settle the matter of justice."

Mutiny on the "Algic"

IT'S MUTINY! Put them in irons! That, in effect, is how Joseph P. Kennedy, chairman of the Maritime Commission, viewed the actions of eighteen seamen aboard the government-owned freighter *Algic* when they refused to take orders from their captain, Joseph Gainard.

Bound on a 13,000-mile round trip to Buenos Aires, the *Algic* was beset with trouble from the time she weighed anchor in Baltimore. Sit-down strikes, deaths, and desertions dogged her to such an extent that Captain Gainard now calls her the "terror ship." The climax came when the "terror ship" arrived at Montevideo. A tender chugged out to unload cargo, but the *Algic* crew refused to lift a hand. Their refusal, they explained, was an expression of protest against the use of strikebreakers, who had replaced unionized Uruguayan longshoremen in the unloading of the vessel.

At his wit's end for a way out, Captain Gainard radioed the Maritime Commission for instructions and received prompt support in Mr. Kennedy's command that any of the *Algic* crew refusing to obey the captain's orders be thrown in the brig.

When the *Algic* docked in Baltimore last week, fourteen seamen were arrested, each held in $1000 bail, charged with conspiring to deprive their captain of authority in a foreign port. The men are being tried for mutiny on the high seas. This is the first time since 1920 that mutiny laws have been used in criminal action.

Four other men had "jumped ship"; three in Brazil and one in Jacksonville, Florida. Fugitive warrants were issued.

Upset over the stern measures taken by Mr. Kennedy, the Baltimore branch of the National Maritime Union has asked President Roosevelt to remove him from office and bar the Maritime Commission from further intervention in labor disputes. Last week Joseph Curran, president of the union, declared the union was "going to get the scalp" of Mr. Kennedy, and "going to get it soon."

Rhode Island front

RHODE ISLAND (population 700,000, area 1248 square miles) is a small state. It is apparently much too small to hold two men, Governor Robert E. Quinn and Walter E. O'Hara, managing director of the Narragansett racetrack in Pawtucket, the state's second city. The result: martial law.

When the Governor recently proclaimed a state of insurrection at O'Hara's racetrack, 300 national guardsmen moved in and prevented the scheduled opening of the fall racing season. "Narragansett Park," Governor Quinn declares, "will never reopen as long as O'Hara is connected with it." A stocky, ruddy-faced Democrat, he is not a man to retreat from his object "to drive O'Hara out of public and political life and out of the state entirely if that can be done."

Equally determined, O'Hara is diminutive, high-strung, and temperamental. He is the only Harvard graduate to head a big-time racetrack, which pays him $50,000 a year salary and $25,000 expenses. He also publishes the Providence *Star-Tribune*, which has consistently flayed the Governor. Although a Democrat like Quinn, he represents an opposing faction. He has no ambition to be governor himself, but unsuccessfully supported Thomas P. McCoy, mayor of Pawtucket, for the nomination last year. He accuses "dictator" Quinn of "venting his spleen" against a political enemy.

Early in September, Quinn's Racing Commission ordered the Narragansett Racing Association to remove O'Hara for alleged barring of a rival newspaper reporter from the track and profanity toward a state steward. The state Supreme Court quashed the removal order. The Racing Commission then suspended the track's license for failure to remove its director and for alleged misuse of funds, but the Supreme Court quashed this order also. Quinn countered by proclaiming martial law to prevent racing.

Last week the deadlock dragged on. The Pawtucket Board of Aldermen and Common Council appointed a committee headed by Mayor McCoy to protect their "rights, lives and liberty" against a "flagrant and dictatorial abuse of power," and to appeal, if necessary, to the United States Supreme Court.

Eastern front

AT LEAST eight of the nine nations which signed the Nine-Power Treaty in 1922 are expected shortly to discuss the Japanese-Chinese war. The conference was slated for November 3, in Brussels, capital of Belgium, with Belgian Premier and Cabinet presiding.

Some informed circles in America thought that, if a Nine-Power conference offers to mediate in the Far East, Japan would agree to a truce with China. Their view was based on dispatches from the war zones describing Japanese difficulties along the 500-mile front which Japan now holds in North China. But in the south, Japan won a big victory by capturing Chapei, Shanghai's native quarter.

The north front extends southward and westward from Peking, which Japan conquered three months ago, when the still undeclared war began. There were persistent reports that Chinese guerrillas were harassing Japan's long lines of communication in North China, that Chinese

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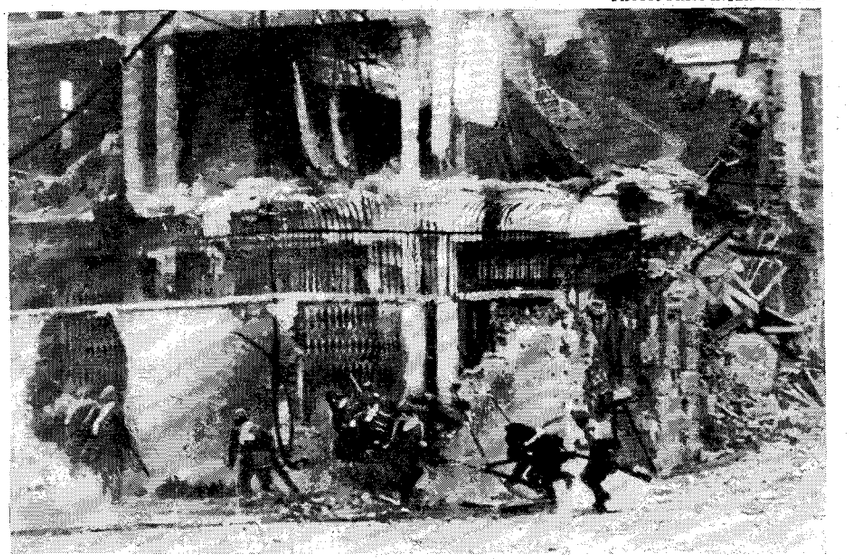
regulars on the outskirts of battered Shanghai were still firmly entrenched and that the sudden reappearance of the Chinese air fleet showed that French and Russian airplanes had finally arrived in Chinese hands. Hence, some observers concluded that Japan might be ready to end hostilities and keep what she has already won in North China.

The Japanese Foreign Office, however, remained optimistic about Japan's military campaign. Tokyo was therefore wary of attending a conference which would include the United States and would be associated with the League of Nations, since both have already condemned the Japanese invasion as "illegal."

Before Norman H. Davis, our Ambassador-at-Large, sailed to attend the proposed meeting, President Roosevelt spiked rumors that the United States and Great Britain had secretly agreed to pursue a common policy at such a conference by declaring that America would enter the discussions "without any commitments to other governments."

PHOTOS FROM INTERNATIONAL



SUICIDE SQUAD of Japanese (note the white shoulder band) go after Chinese snipers in this Shanghai building even while the smoke of a shell lingers. They boast of willingness to die for their country

Western front

JUST AS our own Civil War split America into North and South, the Spanish civil war has divided Spain into East and West. The American conflict followed a bitter North-versus-South election in 1860; the Spanish war followed an election of February, 1936, in which eastern Spain voted liberal or radical, while most of western Spain voted conservative. Western Spain is sparsely populated, rural, and backward, while eastern Spain is populous and modern. Today, eastern and western voters face one another in the Spanish trenches as "loyalists" and "rebels."

The rebel side is made up of conservatives defeated in the 1936 election, the feudal-minded regular army, and a majority of the Catholic church leaders. It has been backed by Moors from Spanish North Africa, by the Spanish Foreign Legion, and by Spanish fascists. The loyalists include republicans, socialists, communists, anarchists, trade-unionists, Basque Catholics, and Catalonian nationalists. The two sides constitute, in reality, two Spains.

Following the 1936 election came widespread rioting and general disorder. In mid-July the army garrison stationed in Spanish Morocco revolted and crossed the Straits of Gibraltar to Spanish Cadiz. So began the bloody civil war.

The rebels swept northwest, along the Portuguese frontier, taking Toledo and reaching the suburbs of Madrid, the centrally located Spanish capital. Madrid held out doggedly, though the loyalist government fled to Valencia on the east coast. Meanwhile, northern garrisons of the Spanish army also revolted and pushed southwest, forming a junction with the "North African" invaders. The Basque country held out as an isolated loyalist stronghold in the extreme north, but the capture of Bilbao in June and Gijon two weeks ago wiped out this "red" haven. Now the rebels control two-thirds of Spain, while the loyalists hold Madrid, the east coast, Barcelona and the rest of self-governing radical Catalonia in the far northeast.

Generally speaking, Sr. Francisco Franco has commanded the rebels in the south, while Emilio Mola, a Cuban, headed the rebels in the north. The latter was the outstanding general on the rebel side; but he was killed in an airplane accident last June, and his loss has been keenly felt. Both men received advice from German and Italian military experts, while the loyalist generals have had "unknown" Russian advisers.

Generalissimo Franco has German technicians and specialists of all sorts, four full Italian divisions, and an Irish fascist contingent. The loyalists, in turn, have some Russian fliers and tankmen and the International Brigade of French, British, Americans, and anti-fascist exiles. All told, the rebel armies probably number close to 400,000 men. The loyalists command about 500,000.

Meanwhile, France and Russia back the loyalists on the diplomatic battlefields. Germany and Italy back the rebels—with a worried England mildly pro-loyalist.

There have been controversies over "volunteers" supplied by "neutral" powers, "pirate" submarines sinking shipping in the Mediterranean Sea, threats of open intervention from other European powers—one international crisis after another. Of late these powers have been wrangling over the mutual withdrawal of "volunteers," even in small lots as "tokens" of good will.

As the rebels now hold the entire west, bulging out into central Spain, their next move is a drive at the east coast in order to push a corridor between the loyalist coastal cities of Valencia and Barcelona and thus split the loyalist area in two. These fragments then would be finished off piecemeal, ending a war which, so far, has lasted sixteen months, with blood, iron, and no profits for everyone concerned.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK, generalissimo of Chinese armies, and his Wellesley-educated wife. In ten years he made China almost ready for Japan

Loyalist commander

LAST JUNE Soviet Russia shot eight of her leading generals, supposedly for treason. Now the Spanish loyalist government jails four of its own military

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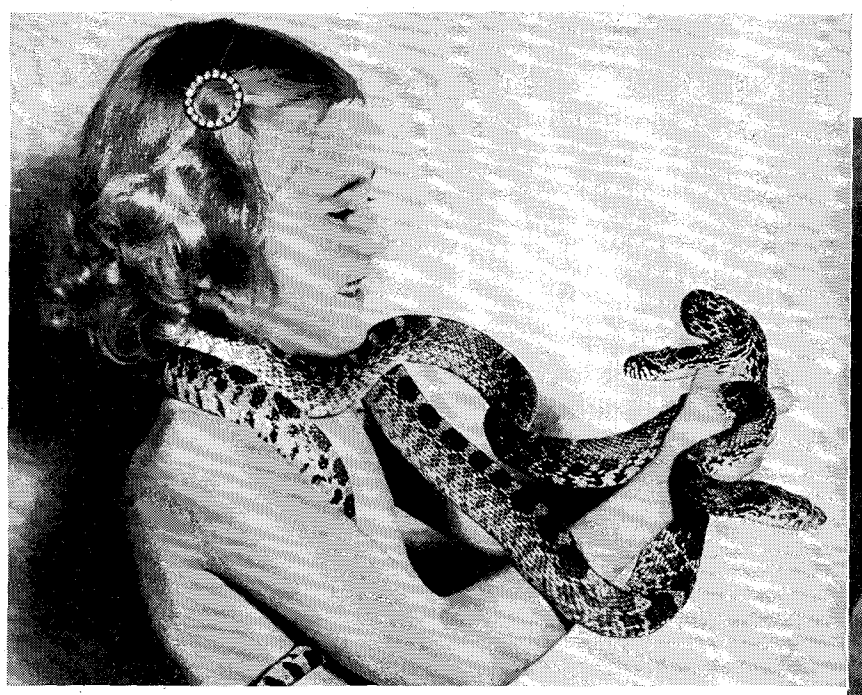
ACME



WISCONSIN'S four-year-old Annette Avers, of Portage, gets into the news because of her preference for snakes as pets. She first fondled them at the age of six months. They say that Annette has few other playmates

VIRGINIA'S four-year-old Virginia Broadus sticks to a dog as her pet. And the dog is one she bought at the famous Fredericksburg Dog Mart

WIDE WORLD

leaders, accusing them of gross incompetence. They include a former chief of staff and an erstwhile war minister who was loyalist commander-in-chief during 1936. One, Martinez Cabrera, had been slated for the supreme command of the loyalist armies.

The commander-in-chief of loyalist Spain thus continues to be the steady, unsullied General Jose Miaja. At 57, he wears gold-rimmed (sometimes horn-rimmed) spectacles which shield kindly eyes. He works daily from 7 in the morning till 10 at night, eats only once a day, and drinks malted milk in the evenings. He was born in the northern Basque country recently conquered by General Franco's rebels. His wife, nine children, two sons-in-law, and two grandchildren are in rebel hands.

Miaja saved Madrid from the mad rebel rush of October, 1936. So identified did he become with his task that he declared, with modest devotion, "I am the people of Madrid." Afterward his grateful government wished to erect a statue to him, but he refused, saying, "I do not want to be a roost for pigeons."

Military matters come naturally to the Basque Miaja, for his ancient family are hereditary members of a medieval armorers' guild. (Bilbao, in the Basque country, has ever been an armament center, and in Shakespeare's time swords were nicknamed "bilboes.")

A loyal republican, Miaja is not a political party man. Hence, all loyalist elements can coöperate under his leadership, which is purely patriotic and professional. He attained his generalship under the old Spanish monarchy, and served in Africa, where he knew his present opponent, General Franco. Last year, despite the hoary legend that generals die in bed, Miaja suffered a broken arm in a motor accident at the front.

Wings over Africa

JUST as India is the historic backbone of the British Empire, so is North Africa the major item in imperial France. The Mediterranean Sea is the life line and link between the two home countries and their chief colonial assets.

This waterway conveys troops, goods, supplies, and messages to and fro. Since North Africa, with its fierce, fighting Moors, Arabs, and Berbers, is a rich source of manpower for the French army, the Paris general staff keeps a weather eye on its route across the Mediterranean.

Tunis, Morocco, and Algeria are the three main provinces of French North Africa. Below them stretch the vast French Sahara Desert and French West Africa. Next-door to Tunis, to its southeast, is the Italian colony of Libya. Tunis itself has a large Italian population, and Italy has long coveted this "Parisian" district. Italian propaganda has been scattered among its Mohammedan natives to the worriment of France. Since early this year, Mussolini has posed as Protector of Mohammedanism.

Now France sends eighty first-line airplanes to North Africa, the most she has ever sent to a colony. She declares that this is simply one part of her "fall maneuvers." This French African air force will watch the natives, would be on hand to repel possible aggression from Italian Libya or Spanish Morocco (north of French Morocco and held by pro-Italian Spanish rebels), and will watch the imperial life line back to France.

Ex-Premier Albert Sarraut, newly appointed "dictator" of French North Africa, is the guiding spirit in these matters. The total French air force is quoted as 4000 planes, many of them outdated. Air-minded Italy has perhaps 3500, probably more modern.

Stamp-sticker war?

BACK IN 1906, King Alfonso XIII of Spain attempted to arbitrate a boundary dispute between Honduras and Nicaragua in Central America. Honduras obediently accepted his decision. Nicaragua did not. Recently Nicaragua issued a postage stamp with a map on it, in which the debatable territory was depicted as Nicaraguan. Honduras, enraged, countered with mail stickers on which the territory was shown as Honduran. Both sides began to move troops toward the frontier!

Now Uncle Sam, South American Venezuela, and Central America Costa Rica seek to mediate and avert the threatened stamp-sticker war. Should Nicaragua and Honduras clash, it would make a fifth war raging at the moment. The four others are Spain, China, the Wazir mountaineers' rising against England in northwestern India, and the Kurd mountaineers' rising against Dictator Kemal in Turkey.

Danzig goes nazi

THE BALTIC SEA port of Danzig, wedged in between the Polish Corridor and East Prussia, drew much closer to Germany last week. The final remnants of opposition to the city's nazi regime were eliminated by a political coup.

Danzig has 400,000 inhabitants, 95 per

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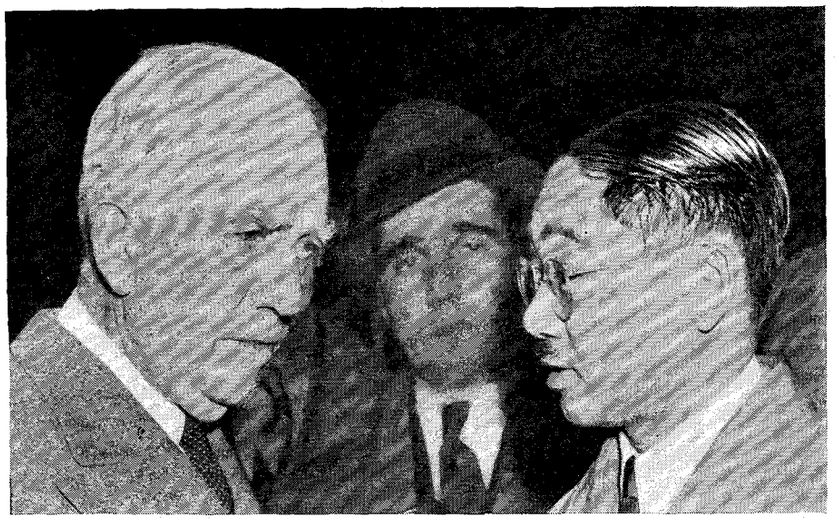
INTERNATIONAL



NORMAN H. DAVIS (left), America's representative to the Brussels conference of eight Pacific powers. These eight powers had signed the 1922 Pacific Treaty, and are now debating what action to take about the ninth signer—Japan

cent of whom are German. By the Versailles Treaty, after the World War, it was forcibly separated from Germany and turned into a so-called "independent" Free City, under the protection of the League of Nations. It did not like the change, but Woodrow Wilson had promised newly created Poland a suitable port as a tariff-free water outlet—and Danzig served the purpose. From that day to this, friction between Danzig and Poland has continued.

There has long been a strong nazi party in Danzig, working for reunion with Germany. Gradually it gained control of the city state, outlawing the Communists and Socialists. Nazis have long controlled the guiding Danzig Senate, working in close coöperation with Berlin.

Now the last opposition party in Parliament, the Catholic Center, is dissolved by the city's chief of police. In return for dissolving their party, individual members are freed from all charges. Thus does Danzig become a 100 per cent totalitarian nazi state, though still under a League of Nations High Commissioner, a Swiss professor named Karl Burckhardt. Economic relations with Poland perforce remain unchanged.

Shirts

GARIBALDI and his followers wore red shirts in their nineteenth-century wars for Italian independence. In 1922 Mussolini picked up the idea for his march on Rome, but used the color black. Hitler's nazis followed this modern lead with brown shirts, and the vogue spread far and wide. Today there are Brazilian green shirts, Yankee silver shirts, Mexican gold shirts, French blue shirts, and the white shirts of American Friends of the New Germany.

Very latest is the adoption of "midnight" colored shirts by the husky Sturmkorps, special new guardsmen of Kurt Schuschnigg, Chancellor of Austria.

In passing

LORD Ernest Rutherford, 66, physicist, director of the famous Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge University; winner of the Nobel Prize for chemistry in 1908.

Grayson Mallet-Prevost Murphy, 58, New York financier, War veteran and first European commissioner of the American Red Cross during the World War.

George V. Brown, 57, president of the Boston Garden, promoter of amateur and professional athletic events; member of the American Olympic Committee.

Felix M. Warburg, 66, senior partner in Kuhn, Loeb & Co., international banker and philanthropist, champion of social causes of Jewish and other creeds.

Charles M. Fickert, 64, former San Francisco District Attorney, prosecutor of Tom Mooney and Warren Billings in the 1916 Preparedness Day bombing.

Purnell F. Harrington, 93, Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy, retired, fought under Farragut at Mobile Bay; oldest graduate of the United States Naval Academy.

George Horace Lorimer, 69, editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* for 38 years; built the magazine's circulation and profits to phenomenal heights.

Frank H. Damrosch, 78, musical educator, founder (1905) of the Institute of Musical Art, now the Institute of Musical Art of Juilliard School of Music; brother of Walter Damrosch, composer.

Lafayette B. Gleason, 74, secretary for the last seven Republican conventions.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

THERE IS a fellow we know whose wife hasn't permitted him to spend a cent of his wages in thirty years. Yet he lies awake nights worrying about Roosevelt establishing a dictatorship.—*Troy (N. Y.) Record.*

A mere amateur has counted seventy-five sunspots, which suggests that a professional might be able to send the sun to the cleaners.—*New York Sun.*

As well as we get it, Congress is going to rear back and pass a law to keep the American farmer from bankrupting himself with the production of too much wealth.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

A golf player is a person who can drive 70 miles an hour in any traffic with perfect ease, but blows up on a two-foot putt if somebody coughs.—*Cleveland News.*

The Duke of Windsor and his American Duchess are coming to America to study the housing situation of working people. He will doubtless find that many Long Island estates of millionaires of the Coolidge era are badly in need of paint.—*Altus (Okla.) Times-Democrat.*

Fortune telling, says a writer, is more widely practiced in Europe than anywhere else. Widely is right—some of the more discerning ones in Europe can tell a fortune at a distance of 3000 miles.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

The Soviet government will take a new census because the first was unsatisfactory. It must have shown some "counter-revolutionaries" overlooked by the executioners.—*Buffalo News.*

Cycle of remarks by Europe: 1917—"Save us!" 1920—"Shylock!" 1930—"Tend to your own business, meddler!" 1937—"Save us!"—*Buffalo News.*

Mr. Hoover's idea seems to be to have the young Republicans go around and ask the Old Guard what they've got left to guard.—*George Ryan in Boston Herald.*

Marconi left only $200,000. He was only the inventor of wireless; he never starred on a sponsored broadcast.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

For each dollar it spends, the government now takes in 69 cents. It is only the large number of such transactions which makes this possible.—*Detroit News.*

The Japanese invasion benefited China in one way. Florida operators had planned to ship a quantity of slot machines to Shanghai, but the order was canceled on account of the war.—*Tampa Tribune.*

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P R O —— C O N

Placing the Blame for the Recent Stock-Market Slump—

on the Administration

IT SEEMS CLEAR that a business recession did not cause the decline in the stock market. It may have been weak for any number of causes. But it was demoralized because the government shackled the market and put the shackles on too tight.

—*Chicago Daily Tribune*

The origins of this bear market were political, and recovery from it logically might be inspired by Washington.

—Frazier Jelke & Co., stockbrokers

The source of the trouble clearly is the confusion of mind and purpose in Washington. Business men and the markets have been heated and chilled in quick succession by the winds of inflation, of deflation, of cracking down, of price fixing, of weird taxation, of the threat of further taxation, of tariff meddling, and all the contrary currents of a managed economy. . . . The only phase of the credit situation that has caused business its recent concern is the continuing inability of the federal government to adopt budget-balancing and debt-reduction programs.

—Henry H. Heimann, credit executive

The decline was probably based more on fear than on any other factor—fear of new legislation detrimental to business, fear of unbalanced government expenditures, fear of increased taxes, both individual and corporate, fear of restrictions regulating particular officers and directors of corporations as to their personal stockholdings and fear of the so-called excess profits tax law.

—Lamborn, Hutchings & Co., stockbrokers

The President and his party took credit for the rise in stock-market values immediately prior to the election of 1936. They insisted that prosperity would be postponed if Mr. Roosevelt were defeated. How hollow those claims sound today in the light of the recent deflation in commodity and security values! No wonder Treasury experts preserve a deathlike silence as to reasons for stock-market recession.

—*Buffalo Evening News*

Government regulation was supposed to prevent another crash like the one we had in 1929. What has happened? Stocks took the worst dive in six years in the "broadest" market in history. They are still diving. The parachute didn't work. Here is a perfect test of the theory of government regulation. All the rules and regulations imposed upon business and the stock market by President Roosevelt were supposed to have prevented another crash. But we got the crash anyhow.

—*New York Daily Mirror*

Sensational charges that the recent slump in stocks is due to a Wall Street conspiracy may be dismissed as groundless and irrelevant. One must look rather to the general uncertainty that is perpetuated in the business world by experimental legislation of a regulatory character involving increased costs, and to a condition of government finances that carried the constant threat of increasing taxes.

—*Manchester (N. H.) Union*

on Business and Business Men

IT IS ABSURD, in seeking the explanation for a market decline, to talk in terms of "bear raids," or plots to discredit the Administration. Some more substantial explanation is called for. The first place to which one naturally turns is business. And here one is confronted at once with the fact that there *has* been a moderate decline in production recently.

—*New York Herald Tribune*

The decline has been forced on the country by the brokers and bankers in New York City and throughout the rest of the country. They are constantly attacking the government and the government's credit, and also the unbalanced budget.

—Ambassador Robert W. Bingham

It is a war against the New Deal which a certain group of American business men is cheering along. A combination of American corporations is indulging in a fine orgy of short selling under the Union Jack. . . . The idea is that these raids will be reflected in New York, thereby proving that all the New Deal's restrictive legislation is N.G. as far as the exchanges go. They would also like to prove by the market's misbehavior that the whole attempt to stabilize business and agriculture by legislation was a flop.

—H. R. Baukhage in *Atlanta Constitution*

Bankers and brokers advise people to sell their securities before it is too late, and I urge firm steps be taken to frustrate this diabolical plan. Short sales have to a great measure aided the downward trend of the market and they should be restrained by increasing the margins of short sales to 90 per cent and reducing margins on long transactions to 25 per cent. Even inflation should be resorted to.

—Representative A. J. Sabath in *New York Times*

The market collapsed because it went up too high. Stocks went too high because a large number of people were led to believe that their only escape from impending inflation was in equities. It went too high because it is still possible to do business on a 25 per cent margin. And also the advertisers of the coming great boom filled the public mind with an expectation of lush days ahead.

—John T. Flynn in *New York World-Telegram*

The market should clean its own house first rather than pass the buck to the Administration. The first thing they should do is either stop all short sales or require the short gamblers to put up as much margin as the legitimate buyers.

—Representative John J. O'Connor

Somebody ought to take these explainers aside and gently let them in on the secret that there was a 1929, when no SEC existed, and no horrible, regulatory New Deal, and that in that year we had a market crash that was a honey. The speculators are by no means the "steadying influence" they are reckoned. They are in-and-outers, buying and selling several times a day, pushing every boom a little higher than it ought to go and deepening every decline a little lower than it ought to sink.

—*New York Post*

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DIGEST PHOTOS BY ALAN HACKER

GREEN BELT of trees surrounds the model town of Greenbelt, Maryland, where 885 Washington clerks and their families will rediscover wide yards, roomy homes, a community life where friendly gossip replaces the coldness of apartment dwellers

FIRST RESETTLERS

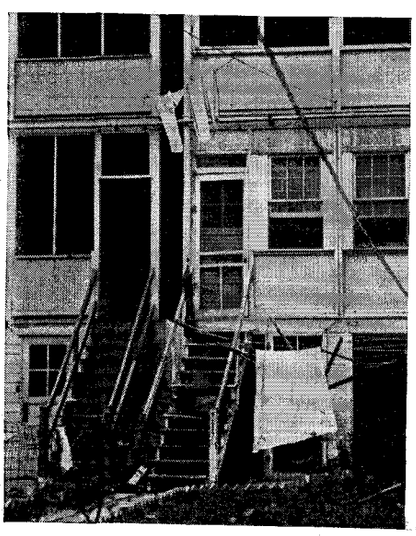
THE MODEL town of Greenbelt, Maryland, presents a host of bright new buildings, bright faces, and a host of equally bright question marks. The completely planned community, cherished project of Rex Tugwell and the Resettlement Administration, constitutes a series of intriguing questions.

Could it be done? The spanking new town, with its cheerful modern houses, its perfectly equipped business and community center, its artificial lake, its surrounding belt of green woods and farms, answers the first question. The site of Greenbelt was virgin land. Today it is a town designed for living.

Should it be done? Interminable discussion still rages in many quarters. There were those who were certain that city families, badly housed though they were in Washington, would not want to uproot themselves and move to a town in the country. Greenbelt is thirteen miles from the national capitol. Perhaps that is "the country." Perhaps there are city families who have no desire to live in Greenbelt. But close to five thousand applications poured in when registration for the new homes, only 885 in all, was thrown open.

Would the end, providing low-cost housing, putting "houses and land and people together in such a way that the props under our economic and social structure will be permanently strengthened," would that end justify the means? The "means" has stuck in the throats of many sincerely interested persons. Fourteen million dollars went into the construction of a town that houses 885 families.

Not all of that sum can be directly charged to the present town, as the existing facilities, except for dwellings, will accommodate a community of 3000 families. The high school is to be used by other towns in the county. The lake, with all its recreation facilities, and the system of hiking trails and camp sites in the woods belting the town, will be used by many persons in addition to the Greenbelters. And relief labor accounts for close to five millions of the fourteen million cost of the project.



BACK YARD of a Washington home which one family left for Greenbelt

MOVING day to this couple means a chance to breathe, make friends

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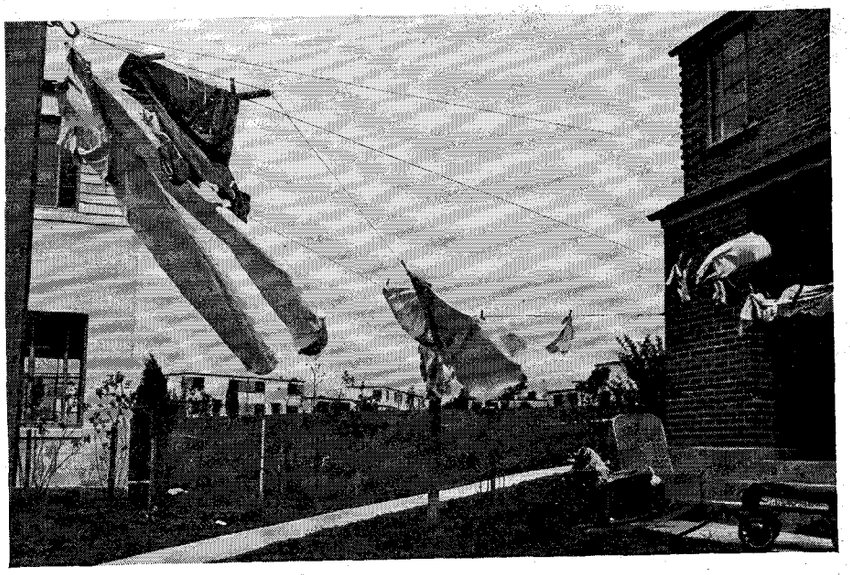


SPACIOUS lots give Greenbelters room to dry the week's wash in the sun, to let Junior wheel his cart without running into the street, to get acquainted with neighbors without forsaking the privacy of the family

For the families who are the first Greenbelters there are no questions, nothing but a great relief.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard L. Bordenet and their daughter Lavon, two years old, were among the earliest Greenbelt tenants. The Bordenets came from an apartment consisting of a single room, a kitchenette and a porch. Mr. Bordenet is a typist clerk in the Patent Office. He and his little family had combed the city and had failed to find any apartment there within their modest budget. For a family of three persons, the income limitation for Greenbelt residence is $1800 a year.

Their house costs $34 a month, exclusive of water and electricity. Rates for electricity are considerably lower than rates charged by the same firm in Washington. The average cost per family for both water and power will be under five dollars a month.

The Riders are another family which has found in Greenbelt the answer to a whole set of problems. Stanley Rider was employed by the Resettlement Administration when the Greenbelt project was begun. As the town began to take shape, fewer workers were needed and Rider found himself without a job. For a considerable period he was unemployed. Now he is driving a taxi. He has passed the bar examinations and is a senior at National University. In another year or so he'll be off to a new start.

The Riders have arranged to buy the furniture designed and built for the houses by the government: modern furniture that affords the best use of space, best decoration and best utility that can be provided for comfortable living. Furnishing an entire house runs to less than $500 and payments are added to rent under an arrangement in accordance with ideal budget planning.

Mrs. John Graham bubbled with enthusiasm at the close of her first week in Greenbelt:

"My biggest worry is gone. The children don't have to cross busy streets to go to school and they can be out all day without my worrying about Billy on his bike in traffic and Merle trying to run and play in a space as big as a nickel."

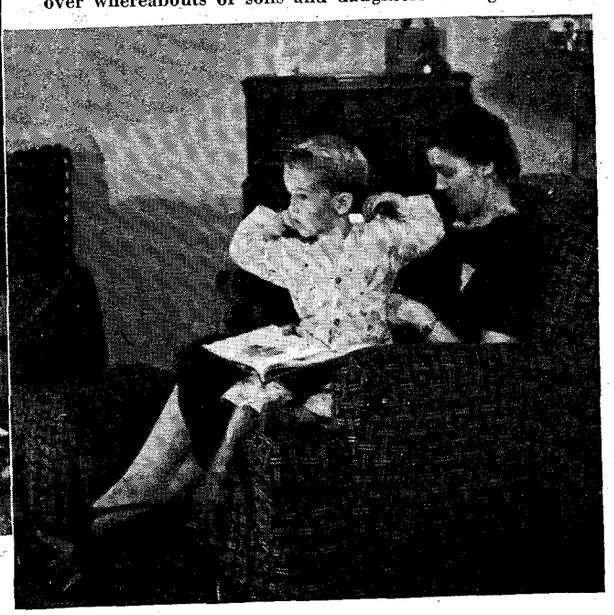
WASHINGTON was chosen as the first locality for the Greenbelt experiment because of its pressing housing need. Greenbelt, and the two similar towns under construction (Greendale near Milwaukee and Greenhills near Cleveland) are not slum-clearance projects. They are intended to perform a double task: to relieve the pressure of high rentals on the lower-paid white collar workers, and to provide, within commuting distance from large cities, model communities with a setup for a healthy family and group life.

For the most part the clerks live in the typical dwelling of Washington, the "block house," a two- or four-family building, one of a series of such buildings that stretches the entire length of a city block. There are windows at the front and rear of the building; rooms in the center of the building are dark. Between the twin rows of houses are tiny yards or alleys laden with garbage cans. The apartments are carelessly planned and there is a serious shortage of these, even at rentals out of proportion to the family income.

Greenbelt does not relieve the distress of the alley-dwellers, the immense Negro

THESE youngsters will attend the two Greenbelt schools, which also have facilities for their parents to study and to play

MOTHERS of Greenbelt rejoice in freedom from worry over whereabouts of sons and daughters during the day



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GROCERIES are distributed by Greenbelt Consumer Services, Inc. The stores, operated by the Consumer Distribution Corporation, will be owned eventually by Greenbelters, who share now in patronage dividends

population of Washington. It is not open to families on relief. It is open to families with incomes as high as $2200 only when there are four children.

The houses are carefully grouped so that each house has easy access to a wide central lawn in addition to the neat front and back lawns, so that garages and parking space are either attached to the houses or within easy walking distance. Garages rent for one and two dollars a month, apartments and houses from $18 to $41 a month. Flagged walks and cement paths join house to house, group to group. Flat and pitched roofs mingle harmoniously enough and color has been used gaily and judiciously on the wood trim of the red or white houses.

At the center of the town the gleaming white business and community buildings curve graciously around a plaza. The stores are being operated by Consumer Distribution Corporation, the super-coöperative established by the late Edward A. Filene. The Greenbelt Consumer Services, Inc., a coöperative set up by the Filene group, is intended to become eventually the property of the Greenbelt dwellers.

PRICES in the stores, restaurant, and theater will be comparable with prices for similar commodities and services in Washington. Wages paid to the managers and other workers will be equal to or a cut above prevailing wages in Washington. All profits will be returned in the form of patronage dividends to those who use the stores, with the single exception of the limited dividend, probably five per cent, paid to stockholders.

The two school buildings, an elementary school housing 550 pupils and a high school for 300 pupils, will serve as the community center. The auditorium of the elementary school, a typical example of modern construction with its tall, wide expanse of glass and its new equipment, will be the center of indoor activities. The library is stocked to serve the needs of schoolchildren and adults. Adult education classes will be held in the school. Gymnasium facilities will be used by mothers and fathers as well as children, as will be the athletic field and tennis courts.

But the sum total of construction, of physical equipment for the life of the community, composes only that aspect of the Greenbelt plan which is now visible. All this masonry is regarded by the sponsors of the project as, in a sense, the mechanics for living. The ideal of group living of a healthy and beneficial community life is yet to be achieved. That will have to be shaped in large measure by the Greenbelters themselves.

Families were selected by numerous tests: need for housing, income qualifications, and interest in group living.

Roy S. Braden, acting City Manager of Greenbelt and a supervisor of the project since its inception, is emphatic about the social aspect of Greenbelt.

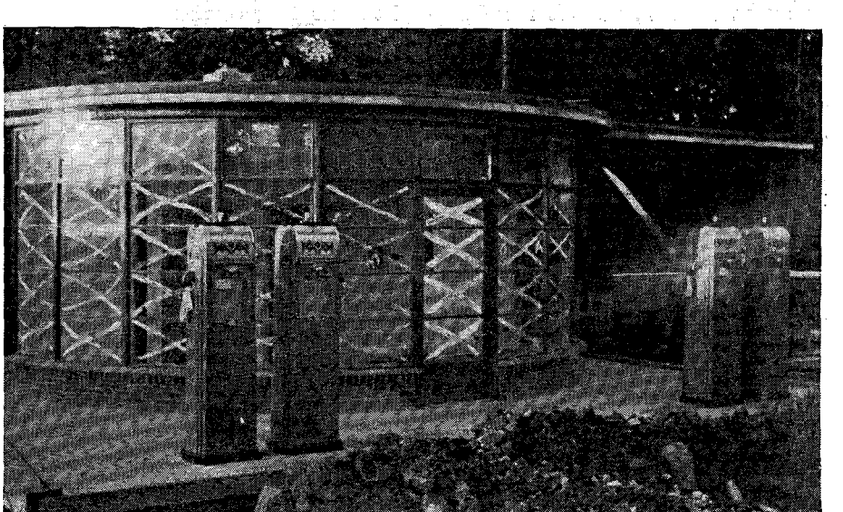
"We realize," he said, "that we have a job of education on our hands. We aren't going to force anything on the families. We will help to develop and further interest in group living as contrasted with an individual philosophy."

ON NOVEMBER 23 the first election is to be held, the householders naming a council of five persons. The council is to choose one of its number to act as mayor or chairman.

One set of problems, not in the hands of the townspeople, looms as a future headache for the administrators of the project. What can be done when the income of a family rises above the high-water mark in prescribed limitations? Can they be asked to move when their lease expires or can they be charged a higher rent in proportion to the higher income? And what of the families now ideally housed but soon to be crowded by additions to the family? For the stork is expected often at Greenbelt. Having built to provide ideal housing, the administrators have no intention of allowing more than two persons to use one bedroom. At the same time they have no intention of refusing lease renewals as a penalty for having children.

Braden admits he doesn't know any of the answers. The Greenbelters aren't worried at the moment. They all hope to stay in their charming new homes for a long time. They'll solve those problems when the problems come knocking at Greenbelt's neat new doors. Perhaps Uncle Sam will help them by increasing the town to its full capabilities. For this year the experiment is set in motion.

—Frances Fink



SYMBOL of a modern era (symbol also of prosperity) is this glass-fronted filling station. Many Greenbelters will drive the 13 miles to the capital. The lower rent they pay will compensate for car expenses

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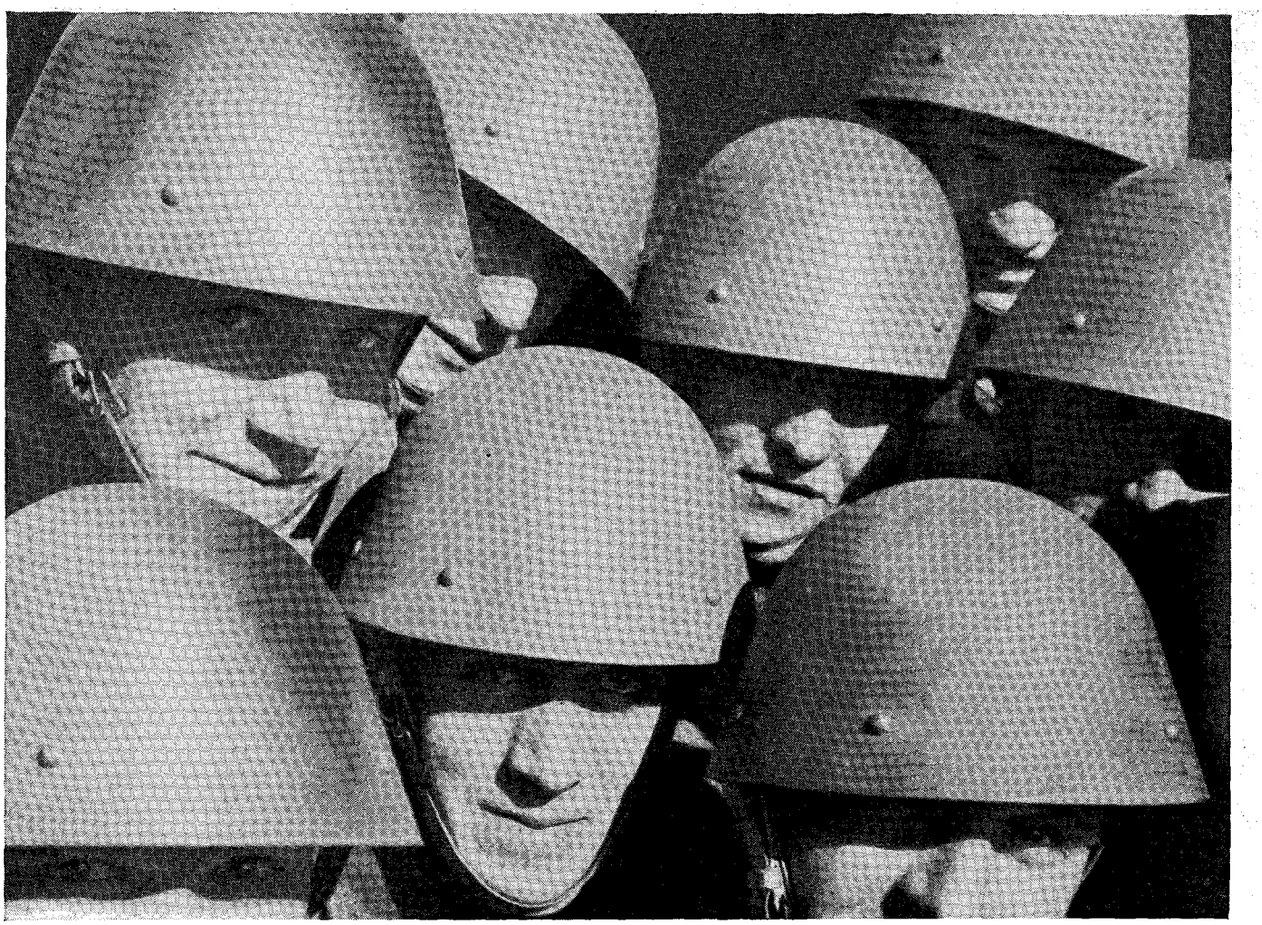

AN ARMY before she was a nation, Czechoslovakia boasts a peace-time force of 170,000, besides a trained reserve of 1,000,000 under compulsory military service

CZECH DANGER SPOT

DIGEST PHOTOS FROM BLACK STAR

A SMALL TOWN in what is now Yugoslavia, called Sarajevo, set off the first World War in 1914. Will a sprawling land in Central Europe, about the size of Illinois, called Czechoslovakia, ignite the second one? The most important part of this now very jittery country is named Bohemia. Said the late Iron Chancellor Bismarck, "Who is master of Bohemia is master of Europe."

Bismarck's words hold ominous truth today. Bohemia pushes like an iron salient amidships into Germany, its point jutting out between industrial Saxony and agricultural Bavaria. Directly west, on the other side of Germany, stand the legions of France on the Rhine. On the day of war, France's horizon blue, according to a well-worked-out plan, will move east to join Czech khaki in this salient, thus severing Germany from the rest of Central Europe. Bohemia also means iron, steel, machinery, and, above all, guns.

Within this section lie the richest industries of Masaryk's republic: coal mines, Bessemer hearths, chemical plants—and Skoda. Skoda is war's trademark. In 1914, Skoda mortars blasted the forts at Liege. Today H. H. Kung, Chinese arms-buyer-at-large, drops by Pilsen, where Skoda's furnaces flank the famous brewery, and places orders f. o. b. Nanking. Skoda ranks with British Vickers, French Schneider-Creusot, and German Krupp.

Here's another and perhaps the most vital reason why the Austrian corporal who sits in the chair of the Iron Chancellor looks hungrily at Bohemia. Czechoslavakia runs east-by-south like a long thoroughfare toward the prize which has inspired *Mein Kampf* and those inflammatory speeches at Nuremberg. That is the Ukraine.

When Hitler talks of the menace of Bolshevism he really means that he wants the Ukraine, richest part of Bolshevik Russia, where the best wheat in the Soviet Union, about three-quarters of its iron and coal, and much of its mineral resources are located. On the way, he would have to effect junction with Romania, the nearest large source of oil, and an admirable filling-station for the big German motorized and mechanized army whose fuel tanks, because of Germany's lack of oil, remain half empty. Bohemia represents the first and only grade which this motor caravan must ascend before rolling eastward over the plains of Moravia and Slovakia.

Czechoslovakia lies like a beleaguered island in the midst of a hostile Central Europe. Bohemia, as we have seen, protrudes between the iron pincers of Saxony and Bavaria. German airdromes dot the Bohemian frontier—at Riesa, Ziethain, Roederau, Grossenhain. The stupendous system of four-lane "autoways" which the Reich has been building for an auto traffic which would shame the republic of Mexico have been strategically pushed in threatening prongs toward this border. Breslau, railroad junction, not far from the frontier, has been enlarged to accommodate big troop-train movements. Here crouches the worst menace.

The map tells the story. Czechoslov-

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CZECH ARMY is one of the best equipped in Europe, possessing tanks, armored cars, heavy artillery, and machine guns—all manufactured at home

akia stretches east and west, in the shape of a long bull-headed fish. Germany surrounds the bull-head of Bohemia. All along the rest of the northern border runs Poland, whose pro-German Foreign Minister Colonel Beck gives rather too friendly hunting parties for General Goering and meanwhile stirs up trouble with Prague over Teschen, part of Czechoslovakia where live 70,000 Poles.

On the south is Austria, whose Hapsburg aristocracy mourns the loss of Bohemia. If the nazis ever stage their long-awaited Reunion in Vienna, Prague will tremble. Next to Austria, along this frail southern line, runs Hungary. Some 750,000 Hungarians in Slovakia stir restlessly while Budapest vociferously demands their return. Next to Germany, Hungary remains Czechoslovakia's bitterest enemy — an enemy that is fast rearming and closely collaborating with Hitler. Only at the tail end of this border stands a friend: Romania, bound by a military alliance with Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia.

TRENCH periscope of improved design. It's all done with mirrors

NOR IS this all of Czechoslovakia's troubles. Across this wavering outline, Germany has pushed a Trojan Horse. Czechoslovakia possesses a minority of the German race (never German subjects, these "Germans" were once Austrians), to the number of 3½ millions, almost a quarter of the country's whole population. Most of them live dangerously near their ethnical kinsmen of Bavaria and Saxony in Bohemia. They hate the "upstart" Czechs whom they used to rule under Franz Joseph and who now dominate them. Would they revolt if the Bavarian-Saxon pincers started to close? Only Konrad Henlein knows the answer.

Henlein, a German gymnastics teacher, runs the Sudeten German party in Czechoslovakia. The fact that this party occupies second place in Parliament (with 44 seats against the big Agrarian party's 45) indicates how serious the nazi threat really is. Only last month the Berlin foreign office declared that "Germany is entitled to and insists upon the right to be interested in the fate of the [Sudeten] Germans in Czechoslovakia."

Under cover of gymnastics and pretenses that he is loyal to Prague and only wants "autonomy" for his Sudeten Germans, Henlein works as advance agent for Germany's new *Drang nach Osten*. He makes trips to Berlin, where three Sudeten Germans sit as members of the Reichstag, and to Munich, where, in the Feldherrnhalle, crepe adorns a tablet erected to Sudeten Bohemia, mourned as temporarily dead to the Reich as are Danzig, Memel, etc. Beset on all sides, and with an agitating threat like Henlein within, Czechoslovakia could not be blamed for having the jitters.

Yet, coolly, calmly, and with shrewd skill, Czechoslovakia has counterattacked. Paradoxically, the attack on the home front was symbolized in an utterance of the late President Masaryk, who, when urged to suppress Henlein, said, "No, I still believe in Plato."

So Prague has permitted Sudeten nazi members to sit in Parliament and has tried to cut the ground from under this danger. President Benes has given special relief to Germans suffering from unemployment, has let the Germans in for a greater share in the administration, soft jobs and profits in the present economic recovery. Prague has tolerated the schools, newspapers, languages, and political parties of the Hungarian, Polish, Ruthenian, as well as German minorities. The torch of faith in democracy as the best policy has passed

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LEGIONNAIRES, veterans of Siberian World War campaigns, command the new Czechoslovak army under the guidance of French staff officers

from the dying Masaryk to the very-much-alive Benes. If Czechoslovakia falls under a fascist attack, it will go down fighting as the last democracy in Central Europe.

Czechoslovakia was an army before she was even a nation, much less a democratic republic. Czechoslovaks in Russia, deserters from the Austrian army during the War, formed an army of their own after the Bolshevik revolution, and fought their way through Russia and Siberia to safety in an epic Anabasis. These men, with Masaryk and Benes, then founded the republic by grace of the Parisian treaties. Old legionnaires, veterans of the Siberian trek, command the new army which now prepares to combat invasion.

This army, with a peace-time strength of 170,000 and a trained reserve of one million, rests on universal conscription. It is a good organization, benefiting by the advice of French staff officers who have worked closely with Czechoslovakia since the last war. The rank and file do not, it is true, present a very soldierly appearance; carriage, lines, drill and uniform smartness are minus. But, like the French, each man is an intelligent individual, with peasant sturdiness and independence.

War will find him the equal of others in Europe. Industrial Bohemia outfits him well. Five hundred and sixty-six first-line planes, 200 tanks, armored cars, excellent heavy artillery, the Bren machine gun (perhaps the best in the world)—all manufactured at home—implement the military forces. China may perish from lack of a munitions industry, but while Skoda works, Czechoslovakia sits pretty.

WHEN FIRST the Hitler danger arose, the cautious staff thought it was hopeless to try to fight Germany among the chimneys of Bohemia. Staff plans were based on making a stand in Moravia, abandoning the whole western part of the country. Today that is changed. A military zone extending along the whole border has been placed under such severe restrictions that not even a tennis court may be laid out without government permission. In this area, armies of laborers and engineers build intricate fortifications. Czechs feel confident that these lines where the staff now plans to make its stand can hold back the Germans for at least a month while help comes from Czechoslovakia's allies.

For France binds herself to go to war if Czechoslovakia is attacked, and Russia also has guaranteed assistance. Russian and French officers participate in the annual maneuvers of the Czechoslovak army. If war comes, France's army would drive east across the Rhine, and Russia would send planes which, hopping off from Prague, might do serious damage to German industrial districts. Also, a railway spur in the northeast corner of Romania has been projected to transport Russian troops to Czechoslovakia.

While Goebbels' propaganda machine screams "sally-port of communism" and "aircraft carrier of the USSR" at Czechoslovakia, and Henlein plots, Prague keeps cool. "Yankees of the Slavs," these people know the risks which envelop them, cannily appraise and bravely work via international diplomacy to diminish them. Meanwhile, Skoda's forges flare, recruits drill at Milovitz, artillery booms at the school in Olomouc, aviators take off from Cheb, and Generalissimo Krejci at headquarters in Prague studies the map of that Bohemia which was once Bismarck's quarry and now is Hitler's lure.

—Frank C. Hanighen

INTELLIGENT, if not well drilled, Czech peasants make an efficient army

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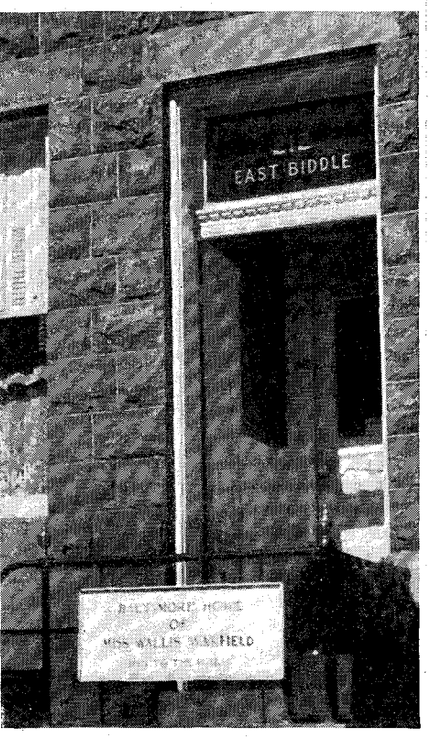
DIGEST PHOTOS BY R. F. KNIESCHE

MAGIC BATH in the former home of the Duchess of Windsor is sat in by most of the visitors who troop there at the rate of twenty-five a day

"SHRINE to royal romance" is the house where Wallis Warfield lived from 1908 to 1914. Admission forty cents



THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE

ALL IS not quiet on the Chesapeake. However guarded Washington may be in regard to the visit to these shores of the Duke of Windsor, the home town of his wife, the Duchess, is frankly excited.

For many weeks, Baltimore newspapers have carried stories of the ducal progress, and today that imperturbable city, whose calm and detached culture has long been a source of pride to its inhabitants, is in something of a flutter.

The local press, not satisfied with the thought of anything so fleeting as a visit, has reported the Windsors as settling down to the lives of country gentry in:

1. The sylvan glades of the Greenspring Valley.
2. The sylvan glades of the Worthington Valley.
3. A grassy island in Chesapeake Bay.
4. The old-world charm of the Eastern Shore.

Baltimore, it would seem, is looking around like an anxious hostess, wondering where her illustrious guests will be most comfortable, and the realtors are enjoying a flurry of inquiries about large, and for many years ignored, estates in the environs. For a time, there was considerable interest in the lots on Joppa Road which overlooked The Cloisters, estate of a Mr. Summer Parker, who had reported that the Windsors were negotiating to purchase his place, but a cable published in a local paper which read:

DUKE OF WINDSOR HAS NEVER HEARD OF SUMNER PARKER NO TRUTH WHATEVER IN STORY

more or less put an end to that boom.

• INTERNATIONAL

PORTRAIT of Mrs. Simpson and the ex-king of England decorates the walls

It is perhaps significant that Wye Hall, the handsome seat of W. H. Stillwell (a friend of the Herman Rogerses who entertained the Duke and Duchess in France), is being remodeled at a cost of over $300,000. The ugly rumor that the royal couple may make their home outside Maryland at Wakefield Manor, the estate of a cousin of the Duchess, near Front Royal, Virginia, is rejected by loyal Baltimorians.

Meanwhile, the city is bestirring itself for the first glimpse of its native daughter since she made the history books. Her uncle, tall, dignified General Henry M. Warfield, says: "Mrs. Warfield and I have never made any definite statement that H.R.H. and our niece will come here before Christmas. We do not know when or even if they are coming to Maryland. Up till three days ago neither we nor Mrs. (Aunt Bessie) Merryman had received any news of their arrival. However, if they do come, we hope they will visit us at Salona Farms at Timonium, Baltimore County."

Governor Harry W. Nice says: "Maryland will, of course, extend its usual hearty welcome to our distinguished guests. The proverbial Southern hospitality of Maryland will be offered and every-

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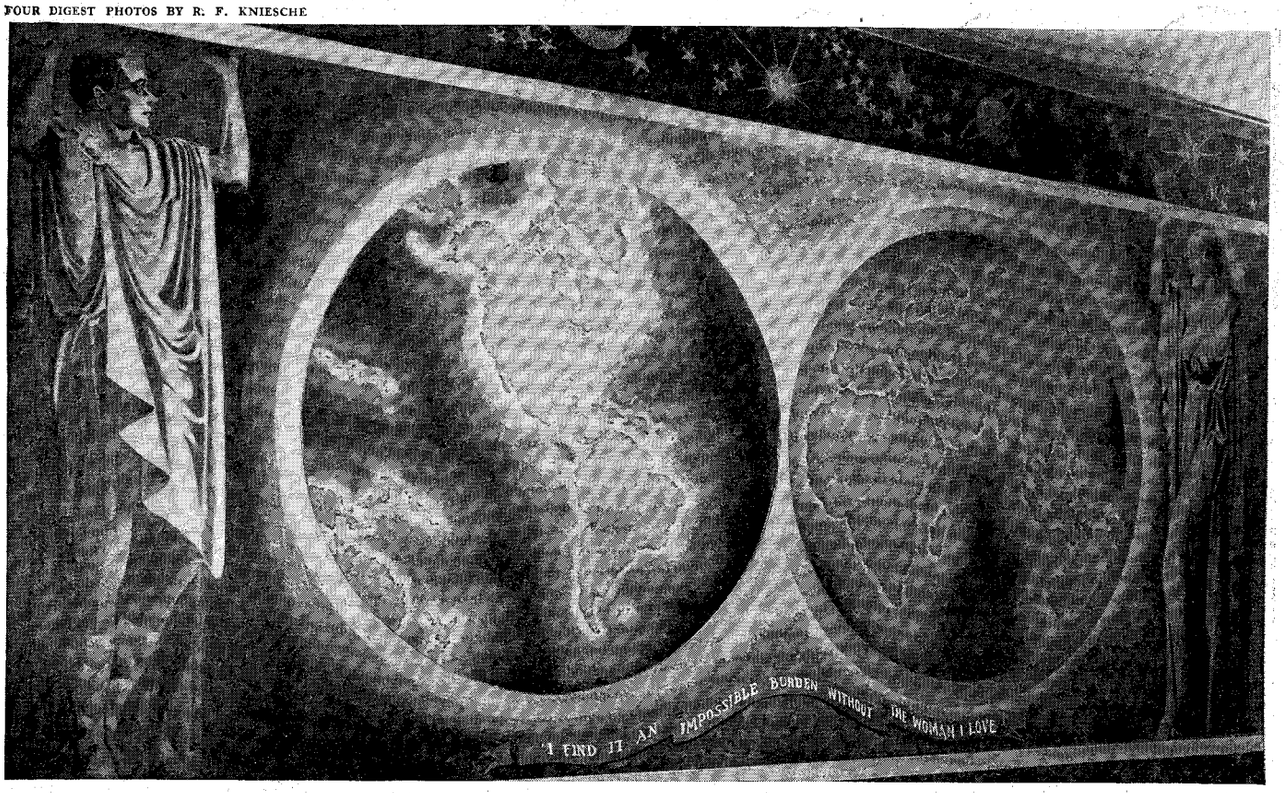
FOUR DIGEST PHOTOS BY R. F. KNIESCHE



KEY to above symbolism: stars indicate mutual love of astrology; hemispheres, distance between them; bar, how they bore weight of universe

thing done to make their stay a happy one." And, Howard W. Jackson, Mayor of Baltimore says: "I shall do everything in my official and personal capacity to make our illustrious guests thoroughly welcome."

Harry I. Fink of the Maryland Hotel Men's Association adds: "All hotels in the city will arrange to have a public ball for the homecoming of the Duchess. Profits will be turned over to a charity named by the Duchess. All hotels will put on their Sunday clothes and feature special Maryland dishes and name them after the royal couple. The Maryland Hotel Men's Association will try to arrange a public city-wide luncheon. Guests of honor will be the Duke, Duchess, their immediate friends, state and city dignitaries."

Department stores and dress shops, after reading wistfully of extensive wardrobe purchases in Paris, are designing models which they will keep in dark secrecy until they can risk their hopes of fame upon their acceptance. Little of Wallis blue appears in shop windows. It is reported that a darker, richer shade will be featured under the title of Windsor blue. Young ladies are experimenting with their hair parted in the middle, and are wearing corseletted waists and rococo braided frocks. Debutantes are furtively practicing curtsies. Staid business men may be seen strolling in preoccupied fashion, their lips moving soundlessly over such unaccustomed phrases as "Your Grace . . . Your Royal Highness."

Not the least expectant are the proprietors of 212 East Biddle Street, the home for some years during her schooldays of the Duchess of Windsor. The house was purchased last year and is now open to visitors—at a fee of forty cents. The following letter (punctuation unchanged) was dispatched from the above address:

"Dear Duchess,

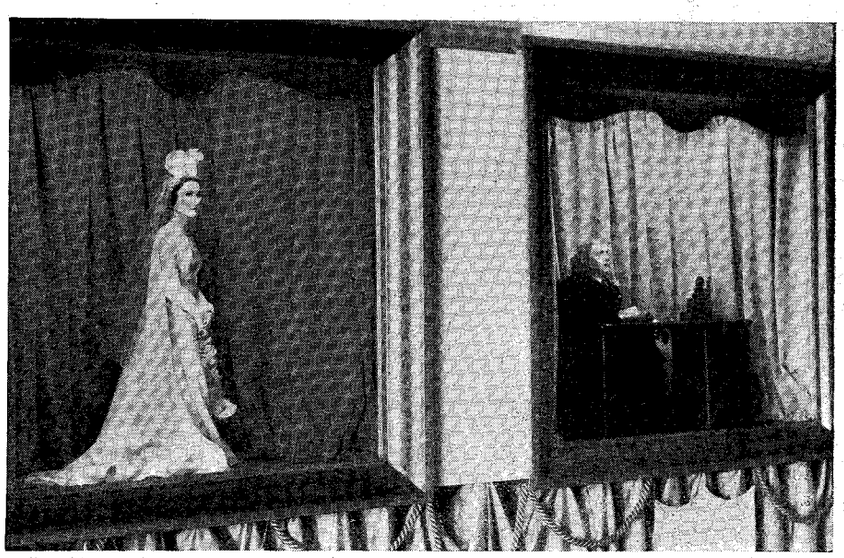
"The announcement of your planned visit to our shores, is an occasion we hope will permit the opportunity for His Royal Highness and Your Grace, to revisit some of the scenes which may recall pleasant associations enjoyed in Baltimore.

"The Board of Trustees responsible for the restoration of the family home on Biddle Street, wishes to extend an invitation to permit you the opportunity of viewing it again, with the hope that it will help to recall the family life, and your hospitality that your friends remember and cherished receiving a generation ago.

"Even with the passing of years, the quaint charm and dignity of the residence grows in its appeal to all of us who enjoy the recollection of Baltimore in its earlier days.

"Cordially yours,
"Catherine Carter, Curator"

Warfield House, as the museum is



EFFIGIES of Mrs. Simpson in court dress and of Edward VIII abdicating the throne of England are displayed in an upper room at no extra charge

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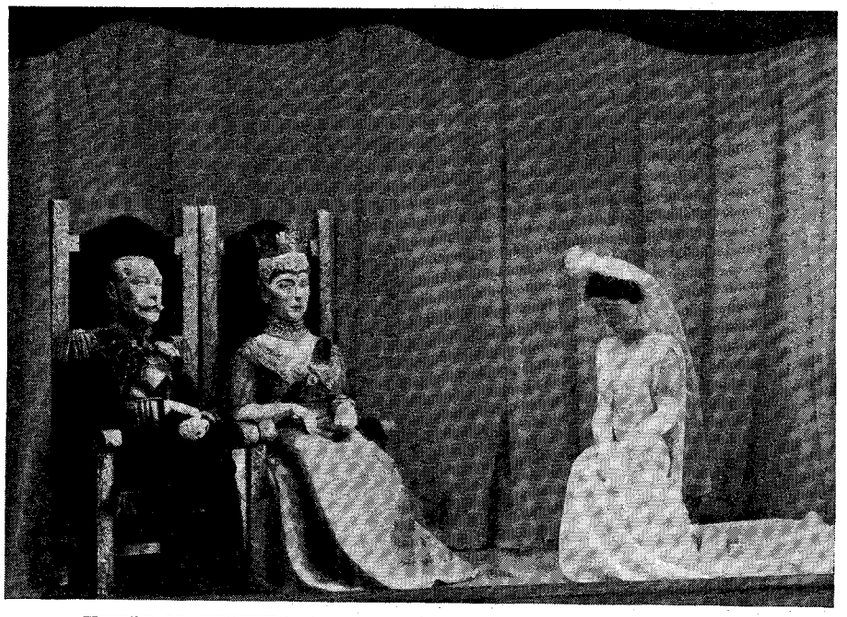
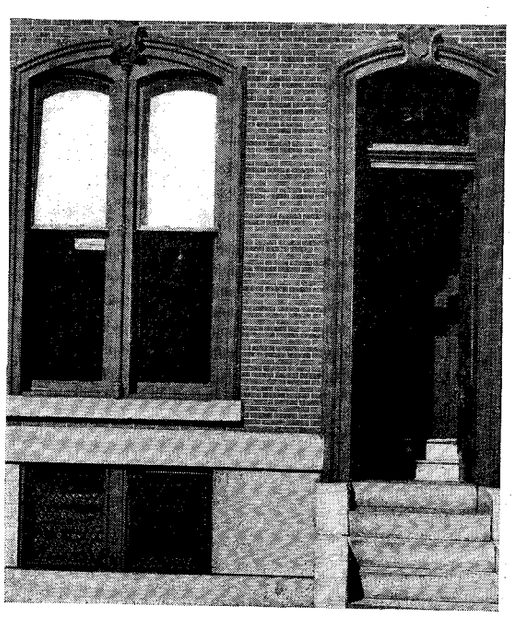


THEIR MAJESTIES, the king and queen, receive the homage of the Baltimore girl during her presentation at court with waxen indifference

called, is a modest three-storied house fronted with brown steps behind a brass-railing from which hangs a board sign: "The Home of Wallis Warfield." It contains the usual rooms found in unpretentious city houses. On the first floor is the parlor, furnished in the Victorian manner and boasting a glass case full of coronation favors (for sale) of Edward VIII; a small square room where, according to the guide, "Wallis entertained her beaux"; a large dining-room; and a kitchen, outside of which a card announces, "From this kitchen came the Maryland dishes she has made famous the world over." The high spot in decoration (if we except two surprising oil paintings of the hero and heroine) is the mural in the dining room. It is full, jammed full, of allegory, and portrays two hemispheres flanked by the Duke and Duchess in classic Roman dress, who are supporting with some difficulty a wide silver bar, above which swim silver stars, moons, and astrological signs in a bright blue blackground. This symbolizes, the guide says, that the mutual interest of the principals in astrology was the force that brought them together. The bar indicates that they supported the weight of the universe during their persecution, and the two hemispheres suggest the distance that separated them. At the bottom is inscribed:

I FIND IT AN IMPOSSIBLE BURDEN WITHOUT THE WOMAN I LOVE.

On the second floor, at the top of a narrow staircase, is a small alcove with a rail guarding an air well to the sitting-room. "This is where the chaperone sat while Wallis entertained her beaux," explains the guide.



REAL HOME of the Duchess, a relative says, is 34 Preston St., home of S. Davies Warfield

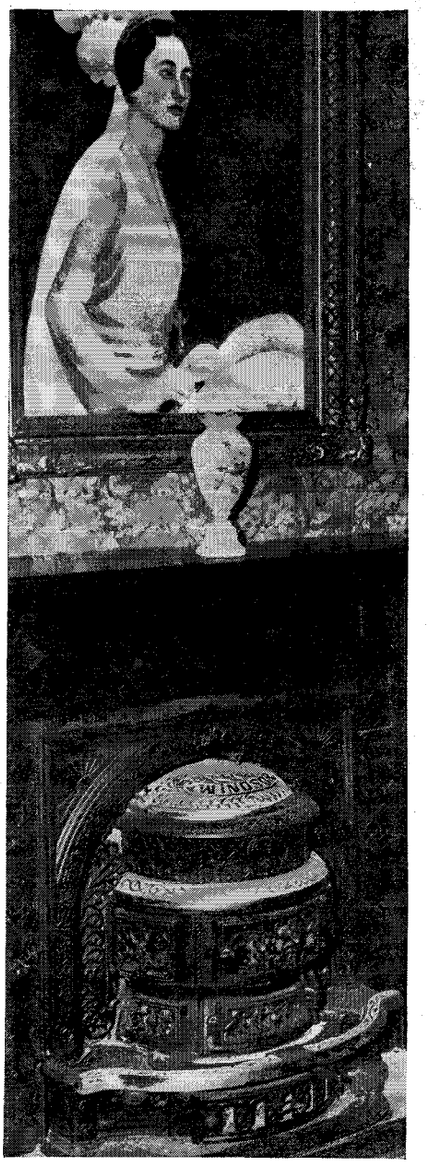
At the front of the house the palpitant visitor is shown "Wallis' room when she lived here," a large chamber papered in green and white with pink bows on the white lace curtains. At the end of a corridor is the bathroom where a curious ritual has developed among the visitors. Most of them want to sit in the tub! They say it brings them luck.

The trustees of the museum, not content with offering the "shrine to royal romance" as a home to the famous couple, are planning for their entertainment something more serious as well. In a somewhat complicated announcement, they declare their intention of offering the house for the display of photographs and models of housing developments—in view of the Duke's professed interest in such matters—and they hope "that H.R.H. will establish with his personal comment the most outstanding example of the models shown on display." They are also negotiating with the Women's Garden Club of Maryland to stage an exhibit that will show Maryland as "an important center of botanical interest."

If Warfield House, the Hotel Men's Association, the Mayor, and the Governor have their way, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor will not be idle on their visit to Baltimore. Readers with long memories may recall Edward's previous visits to this country when, escorted by a squadron of cavalry, his days were marked by a succession of official receptions, luncheons, dinners, wreath-layings, and other honors suitable to his exalted station. This seems somehow different.

—A. H. Young-O'Brien

WINDSOR stove downstairs is regarded as significant since "its top resembles the dome of Windsor Castle"



INTERNATIONAL

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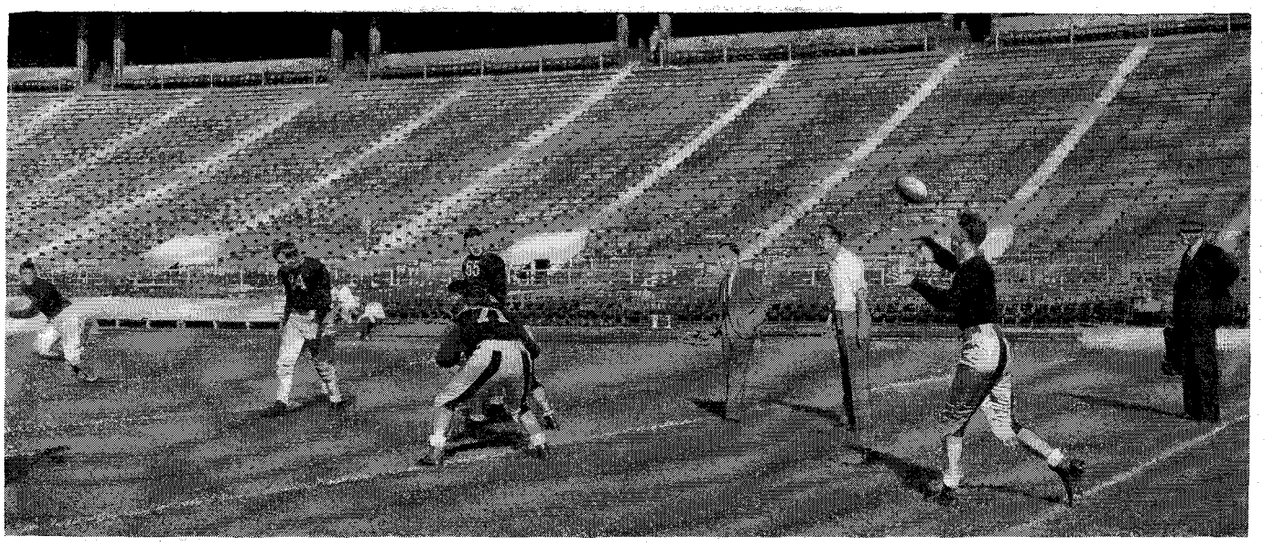

1. ATTENDING SECRET PRACTICE *to get pre-game dope helps* **Ted Husing (white shirt) make the next day's broadcast more accurate. Here he watches Ohio State**

HOLD 'EM HUSING!

BROADCASTING football games has gone a long way since one amateur announcer at a Northwestern game, seeing the referee scoop up the ball and march away, followed by all the players, screamed into the mike: "Boy, what a penalty! Five—ten—twenty yards. The referee's still going! Fifty yards! Boy, I can't understand it. Ninety yards—why, it's the greatest penalty I've ever seen!" And all that he really saw was the referee changing goals at the end of a quarter.

Today that couldn't happen. Ace football announcers are well fortified for describing accurately outstanding gridiron battles. With fourteen years of pigskin broadcasting behind him, Ted Husing, recently voted most popular sports announcer, has gotten football broadcasting down to a system.

Like the game itself, broadcasting football demands experience, training, endurance, plus special mechanical equipment (75 pounds of it in Husing's case). One cannot simply stand up before a mike and rattle off any analysis and play-by-play description of the game. Football broadcasts, in fact, follow a routine.

Take, for example, Ted Husing's first 1937 broadcast, the game between Ohio State and Texas Christian. On the day before the game, Husing and his assistant, Jimmy Dolan, attended the final secret practice of both teams, watched the plays, talked with the coaches, got the pre-game "dope." Naturally, they are honor bound not to divulge such secrets. That evening they wrote their descriptions for the next day's battle, for, excepting the actual recounting of each play, there is very little *ad-libbing* in a first-class broadcast.

On the morning of the game, Husing, Dolan, and their radio engineer were out at the stadium after breakfast to check over the setup. One hundred and one things can go wrong, especially since each stadium presents its own broadcasting difficulties and is rarely visited more than once a season. Lunch time arrived. But there was no lunch. Both Husing and Dolan get too nervous to run the risk of a full stomach. Yet Husing has broadcast football for fourteen years!

During the game, Husing's "annunciator board" (his own invention, though most announcers have copied it) came into play. The board consists of two boxes, each containing electric batteries, joined by a wire. Its purpose is to "announce," through a system of lights, exactly who is carrying the ball and who is making the tackle. It is Husing's "third eye."

Jimmy Dolan manipulates the first box. This has 22 buttons, each representing a player on the field. If Ohio State's No. 5 is running the ball, and is tackled by Texas Christian's No. 1, Dolan presses the buttons which light up the names of these two players on the second board. Then Husing needs but a glance to see the exact play, and tells his unseen audience who did what to whom. To Dolan, the players are only numbers; to Husing, only names. The system is simple enough, but experience proves that without it football broadcasts lose accuracy and speed, and what you get instead is the indifferent splutter of a second-rate announcer.

Husing first used this annunciator board at his first broadcast, fourteen years ago, when Pennsylvania drubbed Cornell. He says it "reduces football to the least common denominator—names and numbers. It eliminates guesswork."

But there is a larger aspect to broadcasting football. The big secret was taught to Husing by Knute Rockne. Rockne insisted that the untrained eye of the spectator (and grandstand quarterback) gets fooled, because the eye takes the road of least resistance and follows the backfield on the offense and the line on the defense. As a coach, Rockne's eyes did just the opposite, and Husing's do the same. It makes the analysis of the game sounder.

YET EVEN the best prepared broadcast can go haywire when the human equation ruins well-laid plans. Followers of the pigskin still chuckle over the broadcast of a local Kentucky game which ended abruptly when the visiting players got so pepped up by a fight talk in their dressing-room, that they rushed out the nearest door and fell headlong into the swimming-pool.

Football announcers don't get excited—those great "Belasco finishes" are faked. The simple truth is that, in the interest of accuracy, a good sports announcer "can't afford" to get excited. Nevertheless, to Husing, the most exciting game he ever saw was the 1935 battle between Ohio State and Notre Dame.

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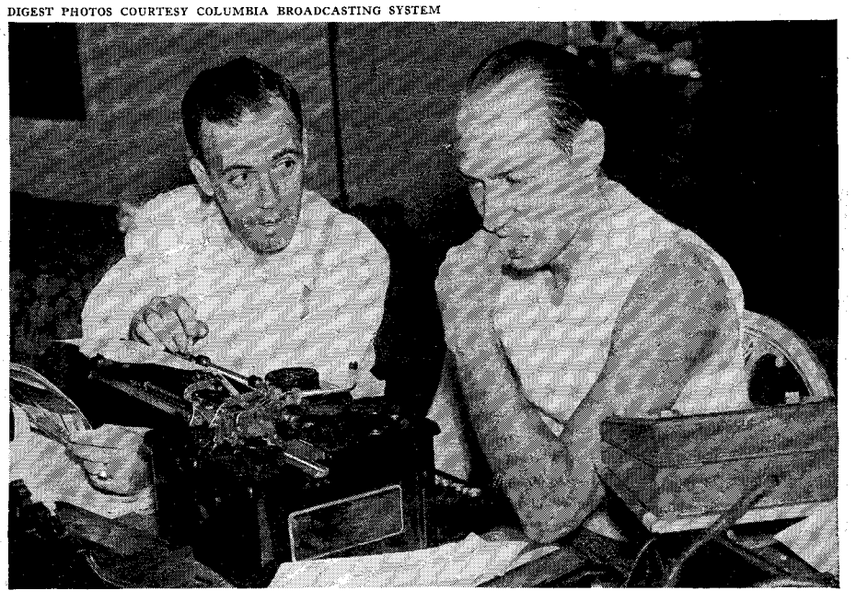
DIGEST PHOTOS COURTESY COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM



2. THUMB-SUCKING sometimes helps Husing write a better "lead" for the next day's game. Jimmy Dolan, his assistant, does much of the research that makes up a first-class broadcast. There is very little *ad-libbing*

The Fighting Irish entered the final quarter on the short end of a 13-0 score, and came out with an 18-13 victory. The honor, says Husing, with local patriotism, was "nobody else's but that of Staten Island's Bill Shakespeare," whose coffin corner punts sent Ohio State to its grave and rapid-fire passes ripped its defense apart.

The funniest incident both Husing and Dolan ever saw was the "12th man" who gave Dartmouth a helping hand against Princeton in 1935. The Indians had squatted on their four-yard line, prepared to massacre the Tigers when they tried to claw their way to a touchdown. Enter the spirit of Pan in the form of one Mike Mesco, by trade a hamburger-hurler in a diner, but by sentiment a well-lubricated Dartmouth rooter. Rushing onto the field, Mesco dived into the play. Princeton won the game, but Mesco won fame—for a week. Explaining his diabolical aversion to Princeton football teams, Mesco opined: "I saw Dartmouth taking a pretty rough shellacking and I wanted to help them."

REFLECTING on his career, Husing recalls how he was born in New Mexico 36 years ago, and then became an actor, soldier, hitch-hiker *extraordinaire,* Broadway barker, policeman, aviator, and finally, radio announcer. He was named Edward Britt Husing (after the prizefighter Johnny Britt whom his father greatly admired) but when young Husing was twelve he fell in love with a girl who insisted on calling him "Ted," and the name has stuck.

After playing football at New York's Stuyvesant high school, he played semi-professional football with the Prescotts around New York City. The Prescotts have stuck together pretty well in passing years. Husing played center, Les Quailey, his former radio assistant, called signals, and Jimmy Dolan played end. The Prescotts, however, would be the first to agree that they talk a better game over the ether now than they ever played on the field.

Husing entered radio in 1924, when he out-talked 619 rival applicants for an announcer's job at WJZ in New York, "mainly," he says, "because I could talk louder and longer than any of the other boys." "Louder and longer"—well, at least as long as anyone—a football broadcast takes up a mere three hours of continuous talking—but not really louder than most announcers. The secret of Husing's success lies elsewhere. He is pleasant to listen to because his enunciation is so crystal-clear that it allows him to talk exceptionally fast. He doesn't hesitate. His voice is smooth, and he knows the sports he describes so well that the listener doesn't writhe uncomfortably as a lot of "ahems" and "aaas" float out of the loudspeaker.

Husing's technique is homespun: "Whenever I broadcast," he told me, "I always imagine myself in the listener's shoes, and I try to imagine what would interest me most if I were sitting at home listening instead of being here talking." Conciseness is Husing's motto. His streamlined speech is staccato. It is crisp and to the point. Self-confidence is his stock in trade. He never gets ruffled and hence doesn't upset his listeners. To accomplish this, one's faculties must coördinate.

3. SPECIAL INSTRUMENTS increase the speed of Husing's broadcasts. Here at any Saturday's college football game, Dolan works the electric "annunciator board" which tells Husing who runs the ball and makes the tackle

IN HUSING, mind, eye, ear, and tongue work as one—and the nose senses news. If the game stalls, Husing instinctively stretches his words to eat up the empty time. If something goes wrong, he is ready to fill the gap with interesting tidbits, prepared in advance. Husing's technique is not easy: it is more than a natural ability to talk on one's feet. If Husing can rattle things off, it is because a lot of preparation has gone on beforehand.

With this mountain of experience for support, Husing crosses his fingers and offers a prophecy on this year's winning colors. He banks on Alabama and Duke to come through in the South; Pittsburgh and Yale in the East; Minnesota and Ohio State among the "Big Ten"; Southern California on the Pacific coast; Southern Methodist in the Southwest; and Utah in the Rocky Mountain Conference. "Western Reserve," he says, "will be the biggest team among the smaller colleges."

But prophecy is a dangerous pastime. Husing has business to do. He's already preparing himself and his "system" for this Saturday's big broadcast.

—Julian Bach, Jr.

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A WEEKLY DIGEST *of the best in print*

READING

Streamlining Scotland Yard — **A Feature**
From "News Review," London

Ferocious Fans — **Frederic Majer**
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Newspapers • Magazines • Books

Streamlining Scotland Yard

From "News Review," London

SAID to be the greatest, best-equipped crime-hunting headquarters in the world is New Scotland Yard, turreted lightstone building facing the Thames at the Westminster end of the Embankment. Last week, ex-Detective Harold Brust, for 10 years in the crack crime-fighting special brand of "the Yard," exposed it as an overcrowded cubbyhole unequal to the task of dealing with the changing face of the English underworld.

No fantastic sensationalism was famous novelist Edgar Wallace's prediction that U. S. racketeering methods would come to London, thinks Brust. Armed holdups have increased alarmingly.

Known to the police are many rackets which they have so far been unable to stamp out. Typical is the "sponge and pail" service given to bookmakers on racetracks. When a gang battens on a victim it beats him into submission to its demands by the simple expedient of crowding round his stand, blocking the approach of punters who wish to make bets. Soon the bookmaker gives way and is thereafter regularly visited by a gang member who arrives with a pail of water and a sponge with which to clean his board of chalk-marks. Woe betide the bookmaker who does not drop his silver "service fee" into the bucket.

There are schools for crooks, underworld "colleges," alleges Brust, where recruits are trained in up-to-date methods. Swindles now being worked include:

Enticing university students to gaming houses where victims are allowed to pay with IOU's subsequently used for extortion purposes.

Bogus grievance racket in which crooks fake an "accident" against a well-known business and obtain their plunder by threatening troublesome legal action and publicity. Worst sufferers are hairdressers, who must always be wary of "scalp-disease" swindlers and restaurateurs who may any day have a customer trying the old dodge of inserting a tack or a pin into his food.

Crooks who maneuver shops and stores into awkward positions by managing to get themselves wrongfully arrested.

Brust believes the only solution to the problem of Scotland Yard's chronic overcrowding is a skyscraper of 50 stories with a landing-ground on the roof for the Yard's own air fleet, television and film equipment, make-up and acting school, specialist departments, modern press and publicity bureau, and a private police underground railway system through which officers could be rushed in streamlined railcars to any outlying suburb within 30 miles, at a speed of 100 m.p.h.

Observes ex-Detective Brust: "Bold fancies, think you? They may be a commonplace fact, and superseded, by 1970."

Ferocious Fans

From "Sports Illustrated"

By Frederic Majer

SCRATCH the surface of the average fan in a sports crowd—and you'll find a potential murderer.

You've heard his blood-cry at the ringside; watched as he heaved pop bottles, demolished goalposts and indulged in various antisocial antics, from assault to arson. A Milquetoast in the office, perhaps, but, seated in the crowded grandstand, he's a changed man.

How can we account for these homicidal tendencies? For the Jekyll-Hyde habits of the crowd? Why do spectators blow off? To uncover the answers, we must search psychology's pages.

Man always has been, and still is, formed for battle and conquest. Instinctive within him is the primitive urge to supremacy, the desire to triumph over enemies.

To provide an outlet for this impulse in a peaceful society, men have invented games and sports. Since all are artificial struggles, sublimated fights which pit man against man, athletic contests enable individuals to satisfy their combative or killer instincts. They also provide the opportunity to show off, to win acclaim.

However, for the fan, actual participation is not adequate. Only a comparative few can excel in sports and thus earn the plaudits so soothing to man's ego. Rather than face the dull prospect of mediocrity, he chooses the role of spectator.

He can make a hero of the person possessed of athletic prowess he himself lacks. Vicariously he acquires some of the star's traits. In his dream-world the fan shares in the applause accorded his chosen idol. His urge to supremacy is satisfied.

Silly, you say? Not to the psychologist who has studied man's tendency toward hero worship. Identification, too, is evidenced in many ways. Your golfer buys Harry Cooper irons, Guldahl woods, feeling he will assume some of those players' abilities. Baseball fans harass big-name players for autographs and keepsakes. Your football "nut" calls the signals from his seat; the track fan lifts his leg as his

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AROUND THE WORLD

favorite high jumper scissors over the bar.

Place your average fan in an excited crowd and, genie-like, all his worst impulses emerge. The aggressive itch, repressed by social controls, escapes. The presence of a group has a magic effect, for it helps break down inhibitions. A conspiracy seems to exist between fans in a crowd. Each silently sanctions the other's homicidal acts. Since all are in the same boat, none loses face.

Yes, your fan is a funny fellow. An irate rooter, once caught practicing bottle marksmanship on Umpire Cy Rigler, was nabbed by an usher and brought before a magistrate.

"If I suspend sentence," His Honor asked in a kind voice, "will you promise not to throw bottles at Mr. Rigler again?"

"I'll konk him next time!" screamed the red-faced fan.

Destructive though his sprees may be and berserk his behavior, the fan draws vital benefit from spectator participation. Sport is America's greatest catharsis. It purges his system of all repressed rancor, provides escape for all killer instincts which, if dammed up, might seek release in private brawls and riots. But the fan who has vented his rage upon the lowly umpire returns home a more relaxed, more pleasant person. The homicidal Mr. Hyde is still sitting in the bleachers.

Cannibal Connoisseurs

From

"Crossroads of the Buccaneers"

By Hendrik de Leeuw

THE arrival of the Spaniards and other Europeans at the Lesser Antilles did not diminish the Caribs' man-eating propensities. On the contrary, it gave them a chance for variety. They had a particular penchant for the Spanish invaders, whose flesh they considered a rare delicacy for which they would often cruise in their war canoes for hundreds of miles. From this it becomes evident that the earlier colonists had no easy time of it, and lived in continual terror. The records show that, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, these ogres had carried off from the island of Sancti Johannis (our present Puerto Rico) more than five thousand men, all to be consumed.

Besides showing an epicurean taste for the flesh of the Dons, Britons, Dutchmen, Negroes, or even the Arowaks, they also had a preference for certain color and nationality. For instance, in one chronicle I read that they considered the flesh of the French the most delicate and easy to digest, curious as this may sound, while the flesh of the Spaniard was considered very tough and harder on their digestive tracts.

In Administrator Bell's report of Dominica, I read a story of Laborde, who, while on one of his jaunts in St. Vincent, met a talkative Carib who happened to be gnawing at the remains of a roasted human foot. This Carib matter-of-factly informed Laborde that he ate only Arowaks. He turned up his nose, he said, at many others, and, as for Christians, "Bah!" he said, "they give me the belly-ache!" (J. B. Lippincott, $3.00)

Record Reading

From "Tide"

IN THE United States there are some 90 cities with populations of 100,000 or more. If you stopped to think about it, you'd suppose, naturally, that more magazines are sold in some, proportionately, than are sold in others.

But should there be, and is there, much of a difference in the amount of reading done by the populations of the Ohio cities of Columbus, Cincinnati and Cleveland? Is there some one American city where there is more magazine reading of all kinds than in any other city?

The answer is that there is—it's Miami.

This bright statistic was but one of a galaxy which turned up last fortnight in the October issue of *Public Opinion Quarterly* of Princeton University, in a scholarly research by Dr. Paul F. Lazarsfeld and an associate, Miss Rowena Wyant.

Its title: "Magazines in 90 Cities—Who Reads What?"

For portly, bespectacled, Viennese Lazarsfeld, it was but the first step in a laborious examination of the relationship between magazine reading and public attitudes; as such, a study of "basic, environmental factors" from which he could jump off into the larger question.

In their 11 pages of text and tables, researchers Lazarsfeld and Wyant look at a variety of factors bearing on magazines and their reading. About some of them they merely develop answers which any circulation manager worth his salt has known from 'way back; others of their findings may be news to the smartest.

Their citation of Miami as the United States city where the most reading is done was the result of a weighted calculation involving the circulation of 25 magazines "selected because they gave the best representation possible."

Thereupon they ranked the remaining 89 cities on the same basis: after Miami came Washington, Hartford, New Haven. Booby prize went to Kansas City, Kansas (not to be confused with Kansas City, Missouri). Greater New York was 76th, Chicago 74th. Columbus, Ohio, ranked 11th in volume of reading, Cincinnati, 32d, Cleveland 40th.

To the supposition that California and the Pacific coast states generally might

CARTOON OF THE WEEK — That's Wall Street.—*Arizona Republic, Phoenix*

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Mother Britannia's children.—*Chicago Tribune*

read more magazines than populations elsewhere, Dr. Lazarsfeld found a quick answer. The West did, in fact, have the highest reading ranking of any area, 10 times as great, indeed, as the more populous, but more heterogeneous Middle Atlantic states.

The question of the size of the city and the recreational and cultural facilities attendantly available, would certainly seem to bear on the volume of magazine reading. It does, says Lazarsfeld—the highest reading interest is in cities with populations ranging from 60,000 to 100,000, the lowest in cities with a million population or better.

Miracles at Lourdes

From "Je Sais Tout," Paris

By Maurice Gouineau

NEAR an obscure village of the Pyrenees, February 11, 1856, a small girl, the daughter of a miller, saw a "White Lady" standing in the hollow of a rock. According to the child, who, by the way, was a normal girl in no way inclined to the mystic, the Lady told her that she wanted a church built on the spot and people to come there. That was the beginning of Lourdes.

Today, a cathedral stands over the rock and a city has sprung around it. Every year, hundreds of thousands of pilgrims come to Lourdes from all over the world. During the annual pilgrimage in August, dozens of trains, "White Specials" from Paris, bring the incurably sick, in search of miracles.

In response to prayer, the faithful believe that Divine Providence reverses here the course of natural laws. The dying arise; the crippled walk again; bones are knit and open sores healed. Impossible, you say? Many have said that before. Numerous doctors have gaily started for Lourdes to explode the legend. They have come and have bowed before the facts. Not all, of course, accept the religious explanation. Some have talked of autosuggestion or unknown natural causes. But that is secondary. Are the sick healed? Yes. Instantly? Yes. That is sufficient.

Who check the cures and vouch for them? Thousands of practicing physicians, hundreds of physicians and surgeons attached to hospitals, dozens of heads of clinics and laboratories, professors on medical faculties, and members of the Academy of Medicine. If the testimony of such men is doubted, whom can one trust?

A medical bureau of attestation functions at Lourdes. Its files are open to any physician. Any doctor can look through case histories, examine patients, verify testimony. Let me repeat. Any physician, provided he can identify himself as one, is free to see for himself.

Here are some of the cases. During the World War, John Traylor, of Liverpool, was hit by a machine-gun bullet that severed the principal nerves of his right arm. Complete paralysis and muscular atrophy of the arm ensued. Three surgical operations brought no relief. During the procession at Lourdes, Traylor instantly recovered the use of his arm, which returned to a normal state.

Mme. F. Lelong was brought to Lourdes with two tubercular vertebrae. An abscess was formed, opening in the back. The patient could not walk. While immersed in the bath at Lourdes, she was suddenly healed. The abscess disappeared. The fistula cicatrized. The vertebrae showed no sign of tuberculosis. The patient was able to walk.

Since cure is instantaneous, there is no period of convalescence. Suddenly, without transition, the most feeble patient is transformed into a new being. Except when the rapid closing of an open wound fills the beholders with wonder, the cure is silent and may, at first, be unnoticed. Often a feeling of hunger is the first sign that it has been accomplished. And that hunger is not a passing, fugitive sensation, but a deep, lasting need for nourishment. "I am hungry!" is the keynote of the cured.

At health resorts, doctors may predict in advance who is likely to benefit from the treatments. At Lourdes, where the only treatment is prayer, nobody knows who will be the happy ones. Two patients come to Lourdes in the same stage of a particular disease. One is cured, the other not. Why? Nobody knows. Again, a patient makes the trip to Lourdes and returns home without the slightest improvement in his condition. Next year, however, he is cured on his second trip, though his condition has grown worse in the meantime.

Autosuggestion has been ruled out, at least for the time being, in resounding debates. There remains the theory of an unknown natural cause and that of faith. We will not enter the discussion. But it is a fact that people have been instantly healed in Lourdes of diseases that it ordinarily takes months and years to cure, and others that are incurable.

Something takes place in Lourdes, something before which we bow.

Facts About Furs

From "The Atlantic Monthly"

By Margaret Dana

AT PRESENT, terminology and description of furs in advertising or selling are about as precise and informative as Chinese mythology. Not only may one name cover a multitude of unindicated grades, but such grades may in certain furs be marked by quite different coined names, understood, undoubtedly, by manufacturers and retailers, but less certainly by consumers. For instance, sealine, beaverette, French seal, erminette, chinchillette, Mendoza beaver, and lapin are all terms for types of coney skins manipulated by various processes.

Nobody can hope to know everything about furs, but there are some general facts and a few specific ones which may be of practical help to the consumer buying them.

First, for instance, there is the fact that a fur coat *per se* has no unique

Speaking his language.—*The Daily Oklahoman*

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warmth qualities, as is generally supposed; many fabrics have an equal resistance to air flow. Furthermore, furs themselves vary considerably in their warmth, because most of that desirable quality comes from the dense, thick under-hair next the skin. Where this is present in great quantity, the fur is warm. The long outer hairs called guard hairs, very conspicuous on some types of skins such as fox, raccoon, and the like, are what their name implies—a protection for the tender under-hair which constitutes the animal's real "red flannels."

Furs with long guard hairs usually wear better than the furs with only a soft dense under-hair, and they resist the damage usually done fur by water. Beaver is an exception to this; yet, though not harmed permanently by moisture, beaver does mat badly when wet and must be restored by glazing or electrifying.

There are some specific points about certain furs which are also interesting. Take Persian lamb, for instance, and all the other lamb types. It is taken for granted that Persian lamb will wear superbly. So it does if the skins have been properly treated and handled all the way along; but occasionally a woman finds that her Persian-lamb coat peels soon after she begins to wear it. This is due to a curious cause. Persian lambs have a double skin with a membrane between, and, since the baby lambs are killed when only a few days old, these skins are tender.

There is always some debate as to whether a *natural* mink coat is better than a *blended* mink coat. Blending does no harm and may actually enhance both beauty and wearability. Blending is merely the delicate touching-up with dye of mink skins to make all conform to a desirable dark tint. If you prefer unretouched skins, a simple test to determine if they have been colored is to wet a cloth in water to which a small amount of ammonia has been added and rub it over the fur. If color comes off, you will understand the colors have been blended. The amount of color reaction will be small—not enough to alter the fur.

Finally a few points to watch in buying a fur coat of any type may be useful. Find out exactly what the name of the original fur is. Feel the coat to discover if the pelts appear to be of equal thickness and nap, and be especially sure to see that the fur on edges of cuffs, fronts, elbows, at collar next to neck, and on pockets is heavy and close.

When buying silver fox, ask if it has been pointed. If pointed, it means that extra guard hairs, usually badger, have been glued to the skins to imitate more expensive furs.

Last of all, in buying a fur coat, make sure the fit is loose and roomy enough at shoulders and arms. Tender skins, defects, or poor workmanship will show there first under undue stress.

That man is here again.—
Arizona Republic, Phoenix

WAR
INTERNATIONAL ANARCHY
WAR IS A CONTAGION, WHETHER IT BE DECLARED OR UNDECLARED. IT CAN ENGULF STATES AND PEOPLE REMOTE FROM THE ORIGINAL SCENE OF HOSTILITIES
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT
U.S.A.
ISOLATION
FRED O. SEIBEL

"America hates war."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*

European Eccentrics

From "La Parole Bulgare," Sofia

THE eighteenth century was the heyday of eccentrics. However, even in our own standardized times, the species is still extant.

A certain citizen of Holland inherited a large fortune, lost it, regained it, and lost it again. Becoming rich for the third time, he decided to take no more chances. His dream was to live in Paris. He settled there, and hit on an original idea to insure his security for the next ten years. He paid in advance at a fashionable restaurant for all the meals he intends to consume there during ten years. Likewise, he paid his tailor, his hat-maker and his florist for their services during the same period. Similarly he has reserved a seat at his favorite theater for the next ten years. His scheme insures him against all mischances, including inflation.

A London architect who believes that English architecture reached its height in the late eighteenth century, had a country house built at Ampthill in that style. So far there is nothing unusual, for many English country houses are built in the Georgian manner. But this architect did not wish to live in an eighteenth century house like a man of the twentieth. So not only did he furnish his house in eighteenth century style, but he banished from it everything that did not conform with the period. His kitchen has no electricity or gas—it is an eighteenth century kitchen. His library contains no books published after 1770. His city car is replaced by an ancient coach in which he drives home to Ampthill. There, dressed in wig and waistcoat, he reads with interest from an old newspaper the latest news on the rebellion in the North American Colonies.

Stool Pigeons in Industry

From "When Labor Organizes"
By Robert R. R. Brooks

THE widespread use of the "stool pigeon" system in American industry may or may not be testimony to its success as an anti-union device.

A somewhat more formal method of achieving the same result is the employment of professional spy agencies. The investigations of the Senate subcommittee on labor espionage have given widespread publicity to a type of anti-union activity which goes back into labor history at least as far as the time of the Molly Maguires in the 1870's.

The employer who suspects that trouble is developing in his plant and who is himself entirely out of touch with his workers, calls a professional spy agency and asks that operatives be assigned to his plant. The operatives are taken on with other recently hired workers. The employer may or may not be aware of their exact identity. The operatives keep their eyes and ears open and record their findings in reports which are usually sent

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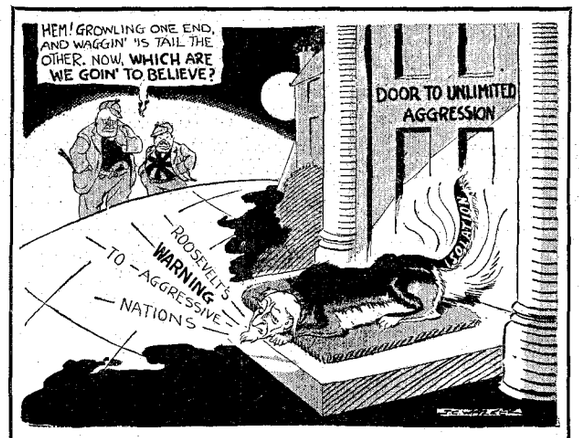
HEM! GROWLING ONE END, AND WAGGIN' 'IS TAIL THE OTHER. NOW, WHICH ARE WE GOIN' TO BELIEVE?
DOOR TO UNLIMITED AGGRESSION
ROOSEVELT'S WARNING TO AGGRESSIVE NATIONS

America, a great believer in "splendid isolation," has now issued a warning to aggressive nations.—*South Wales Echo And Express*

direct to the spy agency. Then they are "edited" and sent to the employer. Instructions are sent to the operative via the general delivery at the local post office.

The operative is more or less carefully trained in methods of avoiding suspicion. If he successfully spots the troublemakers in the plant, a large part of his task is accomplished. If he cannot discover the source of agitation, he may begin fictionalizing his reports, or decide that the time has come for him to start his own agitation. If the operative himself becomes the agitator, he may be able to discover from the responses who the interested workers are. If he secures no responses, then he may have to imagine enough enthusiasm to keep his reports well filled out.

After this has gone on some time, the agency may decide that the time has come to deliver the goods by eliminating the employer's labor troubles. This is accomplished with very little abracadabra simply by recalling the operative and presenting a bill for services rendered.

The process of organization may, however, have passed well into its stable period. The operative receives instructions to join the union and work his way up. His dues and assessments are paid by the agency and, incidentally, by the employer. He rises fast in the union and enters its inner council. He reports the union's plans, financial condition, and membership rolls.

Or he may prefer to remain in the rank and file. There he does his best to stimulate factionalism, suspicion of the leaders and ill-considered action. Being a good parliamentarian, he may continually obfuscate procedure and disgust the membership by insisting on the observance of minutiae.

Whispering campaigns within the union may not prove as effective as whispering campaigns in the workers' community. Many of the large spy agencies are now developing specialists in the latter.

In spite of the hundreds of thousands of dollars spent every year on these methods, there is some question as to their effectiveness as anti-union policy. Unions are beginning to develop methods of counterattack. When definite suspicions have been aroused, traps are set by giving false information to the suspect and waiting to see whether it reaches the employer. Every time a spy is caught, an effort is made to secure his picture. Such pictures are widely circulated in order to limit the future usefulness of that spy.

Unions are themselves beginning to send their own members to apply for jobs at spy agencies. The employer is thus forced to pay the bill for counterespionage. Recently, evidence has been given before the Senate subcommittee to the effect that spies sometimes come over to the union's cause. One spy on the witness stand reported with delight that he "never sent but one truthful report to the International Auxiliary in the ten weeks I was there, and the workers knew what I was doing." The Senate reports make the names and descriptions of spies available to the unions.

Nevertheless, there apparently remains a rosy future for the industrial spy business in spite of these difficulties and the legal obstacles that have been placed in the way of interstate transportation of spies. Some of the proprietors of spy agencies have indicated that although public investigations may temporarily intimidate the important customers, the result in the end may be good for business. The widespread publicity which attends such investigations informs employers who otherwise would not have thought of this method. One is reminded of the advertising maxim that "any news is good news."

There is, furthermore, the fact that widespread exposure of the spy system, and the extent to which it has permeated the upper circles of unionism, leads to suspicion of all union officers, and creates an atmosphere of mutual distrust which inhibits group action of the workers. Each worker thinks that the only person he can trust is himself. The indications are at present that industrial espionage will remain an important anti-union device unless unions become sufficiently strong in spite of it to render it useless.

Developments in the near future will probably be in the direction of greater subtlety. The possibilities of variations in method are great, and employers who are willing to pay the very high prices charged by espionage agencies may not have difficulty in keeping a step ahead of the countermaneuvers.

Tie Collector

From "The Rest of My Life"

By Carolyn Wells

I began to collect Walt Whitman with both hands.

At last, having all his books in all their editions, having all other possible collectible items (letters, postcards, checks, deeds, contracts, etc.) in abundance, I yearned for something personal of my poet.

A lock of hair seemed to be out of the question, for though the Good Gray Poet was extremely hirsute, he seemed to have left no available souvenir locks. A broad felt hat would have been characteristic, but a bit cumbersome, so I tried for a necktie. It seemed a hopeless quest, but I had succeeded on even more dubious ones, and I set to work.

I tried every possible means; the monarch who so assiduously sought the shirt of a happy man could have worked no harder at it than I did. And I must needs be careful.

Spurious neckties were offered; old-time cravats and stocks that looked more like New England than New Jersey. I nearly fell for what is known as a "butterfly," a small confection of black silk, for had it been genuine, it would have been so harmonious with W. W.'s penchant for butterflies. A gray silk one offered was far too modern; a red plaid one too gay; a white one, too tidy; none bore the hallmark of the true Whitman garb—that slight disorder in the dress.

In my mind I could envision his necktie. Clean, yet frayed; loose, yet effective; I was sure I could not be duped by a spurious edition. Eagerly I sought. Hungrily I devoured dealers' catalogues. Hopefully I went to auctions.

Still, like the forementioned monarch who could find happiness only if he slept for a night in the shirt of a happy man, so I felt I could never know peace until a necktie that had hung round Whitman's neck should hang in my collection.

Now, of course, being a Collector, I didn't read my collected books. Had I done so I might have been spared much time, trouble and expense. For a chance glance one day into one of the biographies of the Poet told me the awful truth.

Even as the disappointed monarch discovered that the happy man owns no shirt, so I learned that Whitman never wore a necktie! (J. B. Lippincott, $2.75.)

Fertile Land of Ice

From "Exploring With Byrd"

By Richard E. Byrd

Any discussion of the Antarctic problem except, perhaps, in scientific circles, soon comes up hard on the question: "But what's the use of it? What's the value of snow and ice so many miles away?" It is often difficult to make clear the value of polar research to those who do

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not understand the value of scientific research in general. It is not that the answer is necessarily lacking in logic or conviction; more often it is that the asking mind has not turned its thought in that direction; for the most unpracticed student in polar history must soon sense its great significance. It was the most fertile field left for science in the world.

Dr. Mawson has said: "The polar regions, like any other point of the globe, may be said to be paved with facts. We cannot ignore them without hampering scientific advancement."

Candidly, at this moment the Antarctic is sleeping, so far as we can calculate its value to modern civilization. But no one, except God, can tell how long it will remain sleeping. Immense beds of coal were hinted at by Shackleton's discoveries, Scott found copper, there was iron in the "red mountain" that Shackleton climbed in search of a highway leading to the Pole. Economic minerals were found by Mawson's party at Adélie Land; and Scott's Northern Party, under command of Professor T. Edgworth David, found titanium on Depot Island, a place he described as "truly a most wonderful place geologically, and a perfect Elysium for the mineralogist." These, to be sure, are remote possibilities. There is much richer ore to be mined immediately in *terra incognita.* (Putman, $2.50)

Air Descent

From "Pravda," Moscow

By I. Volotskoy

BETWEEN small villages, drowned in a mass of greenery, stretches a wide, even field. Stubble, left from the recent wheat harvest, covers it. In places, the field shines like black velvet where the earth has been turned over by collective-farm plows.

A small group has gathered near a birch grove. Here stand the Commissar of Defense of the Soviet Union, Marshal Voroshilov; the famous cavalry leader, Marshal Budenny; the Commander of the White Russia military district, Beilov; the head of the Air Force, Alksnis; and other military notables. At intervals, they all look toward the north—the direction from which will come the air descent sent by the "Easterners," one of the contending parties in the fall military maneuvers.

Dully, the sound of cannonade came from the distant sectors of the maneuvers. Battles involving large masses of troops and modern war equipment took place during the day. The "Westerners," learning that the "Easterners" were hurrying reinforcements to their left wing, hurled large bodies of troops, including motorized forces, in that direction. An infantry battle began, followed by something new in modern warfare—the conflict of large masses of tanks, true land battleships.

Their mimic battle resembled in many ways a naval engagement. There was the same scouting force of fast, light machines, the same maneuvering for the most favorable course, the breaking of the opponent's formation and the concentration of the attack on separate sections of the enemy.

In the southern sector, a cavalry fight was in progress. The area of the war games was wide-flung, stretching for many miles, and only faintly did echoes from its fronts reach this peaceful, golden-stubbled field.

At precisely 5 P.M., we heard the faint hum of engines. Soon attack planes of the "Easterners" began to fly in wide circles over the field. They were guarding the forthcoming descent. Then, through the clouds of the flaming sunset, we saw the first heavy transport plane.

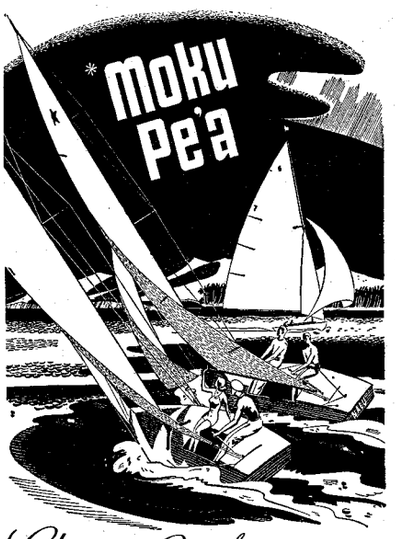
This was the squadron leader. It was followed by a huge fleet of powerful planes. The squadron flew majestically closer. The hum of engines sounded louder. And when the leader saw the agreed signal on the ground, the first white specks detached themselves from its flanks. The landing of the air descent had begun.

It was a picture of fairylike beauty. Countless white cotton-fluffs appeared in the sky, rapidly growing bigger as they approached the earth. The wind drove the parachutes in the direction of the grove where stood the Commissar of Defense, while, high above, successive squadrons dropped their contingents of a new kind of troops. Twenty-two hundred men in all landed from the sky.

At a run they formed into units, ready for action. The twenty-two hundred began their raid on the rear of the "Westerners." Swiftly they seized the neighboring villages, getting hold of the enemy's transport. In their opponent's trucks they hurried to cut the communications he had flung the day before, across a river.

The field was empty again, but it had

A sit-down that would be popular—and profitable.— *Christian Science Monitor*



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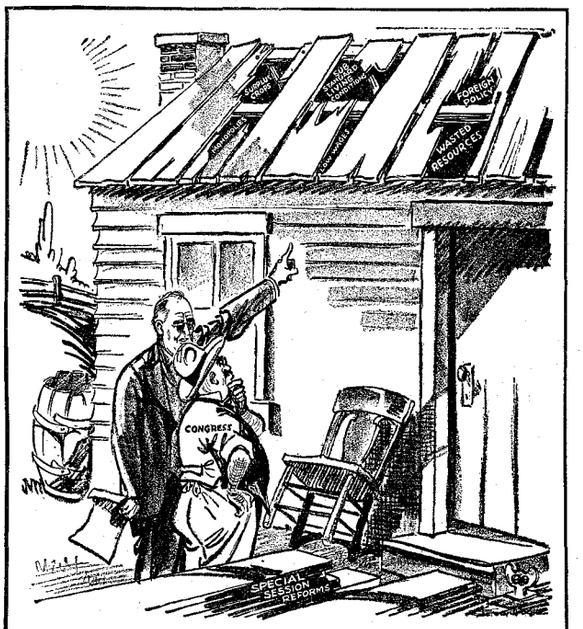

F.D.R.: The time to repair the roof is when the sun is shining—*New York Post*

completely changed. Tender, silky domes lay on it like large snowflakes. The attack planes zoomed low over the field, continuing their guard. From high in the sky came the menacing hum of pursuit planes.

Butterfly Bandits

From "The American Scholar"

By Austin H. Clark

MANY male butterflies assume possession—so far as concerns others of their kind—of a certain area which they defend against all comers. Here they may be seen, day after day, perched on a favorite leaf or tree trunk from which, from time to time, they sally forth to make a circuit of their territory. Others assume possession of a strip of woodland road which they constantly patrol, seeking trouble.

This habit of patrolling woodland roads and paths is very characteristic of our common mourning-cloak in early spring. Often it is seen thus engaged, flapping and sailing peacefully along several feet above the ground. But if another mourning-cloak appears, the whole scene changes instantly and a fight takes place, short but lively. The intruder vanquished, the calm patrolling is resumed.

Sometimes the mourning-cloak darts at other insects large enough to merit its attention and not infrequently it dashes at warblers or others of the smaller birds incautious enough to trespass on its territory. Often in the summer one of these same butterflies assumes possession of a willow bush in an open field from which it dashes out at passing insects, especially at the larger dragonflies, to their great discomfiture.

Individual ownership of certain areas is common in certain groups of butterflies, especially in those related to the mourning-cloak and in many of the little hair-streaks. This sense of ownership, however, is confined wholly to the males. Among butterflies of other sorts there is no individual proprietorship, but, instead, a sort of communal ownership, all the individuals of a given kind living more or less amicably together in the same field or region—as do our orange and yellow clover butterflies.

Some of the open-country butterflies regard certain small areas as a sort of tilting-ground. Such spots are usually more or less barren patches, often rocky, slightly higher than the ground about them and quite devoid of the food plant of the butterflies. Here the males congregate, flying about in a most provocative and aggressive way, constantly dueling with each other. Our common dusky skippers are devotees of such tilting-grounds.

Their smaller relative, the gray and white tessellated skipper, also has special tilting-grounds over which the males congregate and fight most viciously, but in this case the areas are usually in meadows and generally near trees. More or less barren spots with small groves of trees, especially on low hills, serve the same purpose with certain swallowtails. For most open-country butterflies, however, any barren spot will serve.

Arab Wit

From "The Memoirs of Sir Ronald Storrs"

By Sir Ronald Storrs

SOMETIME in 1906 I was walking in the heat of the day through the Bazaars. As I passed an Arab cafe an idle wit, in no hostility to my straw hat, but desiring to shine before his friends, called out in Arabic, "God curse your father, O Englishman."

I was young then and quicker tempered, and foolishly could not refrain from answering in his own language that I would also curse his father if he were in a position to inform me which of his mother's two and ninety admirers his father had been.

I heard footsteps behind me and slightly picked up the pace, angry with myself for committing the sin Lord Cromer would not pardon—a row with natives. In a few seconds I felt a hand on each arm.

"My brother," said the original humorist, "return, I pray you, and drink with us coffee and smoke. [In Arabic one speaks of "drinking" smoke.] I did not think that Your Worship knew Arabic, still less the correct Arabic abuse, and we would fain benefit further by your important thoughts." (Doubleday Doran, $5.00)

Tunnel Under the Sea

From "The Story of Tunnels"

By Archibald Black

THE regularity with which a big project can be alternately forgotten, revived, and forgotten bears everlasting tribute to the fickle memory of the general public. About 1882 the French and the British began construction of a tunnel which was to run under the English Channel and by the following year had completed *almost two and a half miles* of their preliminary bores extending well out under the sea. Yet, today, only a few people seem to be aware of the existence of this partially completed tunnel, first suggested to Napoleon Bonaparte by a mining engineer.

The whole idea of running trains under the Channel between France and England fired the imagination. But in England an active opposition arose which began to put pressure upon the government to prevent execution of the scheme. Vainly did the tunnel advocates point out the facility with which the long bore could be flooded at first signs of trouble. Their opponents conjured wild dreams of Frenchmen pouring out in hordes from the English end of the tunnel to make the "tight little island" a mere vassal of France—all of this despite the fact that Britain and France were then on the best of terms.

So the work came to an end for the time being in 1883, with the English heading running out 6200 feet from the Dover shaft and the French one extending 6027 feet from the shaft at Sangatte. Nothing more has been accomplished on construction since, although there have been occasional revivals of the project, and inspections have been made of the work. The bores driven through the chalk from each shore and extending a considerable distance under the sea had been sealed up. Despite the lapse of time, *they had remained dry when inspected several years after abandonment,* and the chalk surface seemed actually to be hardening from the effects of this exposure to air.

During the World War, the tunnel project came to the fore again. Paradoxical though it seems, this time war served as an argument *for* instead of against the tunnel. The creation of such a tunnel, it was pointed out, would have been of inestimable advantage to the British Army in its support of the French. Thus a Committee of the House of Commons was again appointed to investigate the project.

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On July 28, 1916, this Committee entertained a party of French for the purpose of discussing a revival of the scheme, upon which no work had been done since 1883. Again, nothing constructive resulted.

In 1924 the matter came up again—although only to meet another defeat. In May of 1929, the daily press reported that the government had set up a special committee to inquire into the economic aspects of the "proposed Channel Tunnel." And, in March of 1930, this Tunnel Committee electrified the nation by issuing a report that recommended the construction of a twin-tube tunnel. The Channel Tunnel Companies were still in existence and still retained the backing of two important railroads.

Nothing more has transpired since that last report was made, and most people now consider the matter closed. Indeed, *The Times* (London), on March 15, 1930, discussed it in a very skeptical vein, closing with: "It seems more than likely that the last word about the tunnel has been said by a Committee which will be recorded as having reported in its favor." Perhaps so. But if its record of the past seventy-odd years can be taken as any criterion, it may yet be too soon to regard the English Channel Tunnel as a dead issue. (Whittlesey House, $2.75)

Future "Classics"

From "Avocations"

By Frederick B. Adams, Jr.

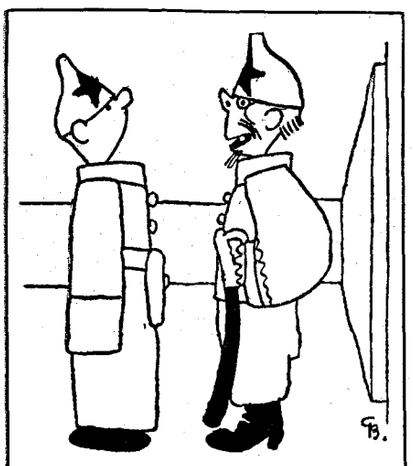
NOT long ago *The Colophon* polled its readers to find out what ten living American writers they considered most likely to be thought of as classics in the year 2000. The editors were careful to point out that the popular verdict must not be taken too seriously, but the results of the balloting aroused sufficient interest to make it worth while to repeat them here.

The ten ranking future "classics" of America, in the order of their chances of permanence, proved to be:

1. Sinclair Lewis
2. Willa Cather
3. Eugene O'Neill
4. Edna St. Vincent Millay
5. Robert Frost
6. Theodore Dreiser
7. James Truslow Adams
8. George Santayana
9. Stephen Vincent Benét
10. James Branch Cabell

Not to be niggardly, the editors added the names of twenty more authors who were generally considered important, ranking their works in the order of decreasing immortality:

11. Thomas Wolfe
12. H. L. Mencken
13. Ernest Hemingway
14. Hervey Allen
15. John Dos Passos
16. Edith Wharton
17. Carl Sandburg
18. Robinson Jeffers
19. Booth Tarkington
20. T. S. Eliot
21. Christopher Morley
22. John Dewey
23. Charles and Mary Beard
24. Ellen Glasgow
25. Donald C. Peattie
26. Sherwood Anderson
27. William Faulkner
28. Van Wyck Brooks
29. Thornton Wilder
30. Robert Nathan



Military instruction in Russia: "Companies form battalions, battalions form regiments, regiments form army corps and army corps form . . . execution platoons." *Guerin Meschino, Milan*

Labor Costs

From "New Masses"

IF BUSINESS continues to recede, we will no doubt hear from employer groups and industrial leaders that higher wages have pushed up costs and destroyed the "balance between labor and capital," which business men imagine is a necessary feature of recovery.

It may be helpful, therefore, to note some results of a recent survey reported by Standard Statistics. Since 1929 still remains the golden age for profits, it is surprising to discover that thirteen out of twenty-one industrial groups studied have lower labor costs now than in 1929 or 1936.

In the automobile industry, for example, labor costs are still lower than for 1934, 1935, or 1936, despite last winter's wage increases.

Mechanization and speed-up have largely counteracted higher payments to workers. Some industries have shown remarkable "progress" of this sort. Cigarette manufacturers are producing at about half their 1929 labor costs; for petroleum the figure is 60 per cent; lumber stands at 86.3 per cent. The thirteen industries whose 1937 labor costs are under the 1929 figure include textiles (cottons, woolens, silks, and rayons), meat packing, leather, boots and shoes, and bituminous and anthracite coal mining.

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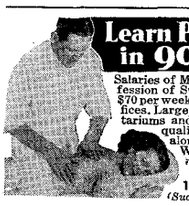

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SCIENCE AND MEDICINE

Man, creator of life

"ONE OF THE wildest dreams in the history of human thought is coming true. Man is going to create life in the test tube, perhaps within the next few years."

So an eavesdropper would gather, should he overhear the chief undertones of discussions springing up impromptu between formal reports at this week's biological symposium of the American Institute of Physics. In Philadelphia, on November 4, 5 and 6, the Eldridge Reeves Johnson Foundation for Medical Physics, of the University of Pennsylvania, plays host to this life-minded session of the physicists. Here Princeton's eminent physiologist, E. Newton Harvey, sets forth "The Physical Properties of Protoplasm," and Pennsylvania's leading biophysicist, D. W. Bronk, elucidates "The Relation of the Biological and the Physical Sciences."

Well may physicists assemble in life-minded session, and confer on the grand conspiracy of atoms to organize themselves into shapes that breathe, and move, and think. Physicists and chemists devise new instruments and new reagents, and show bioscientists how to use them in unveiling life's mysteries.

Now life's investigators, with these devices and others of their own invention, discover atoms clustered together by scores of thousands to make giant molecules having powers so great and so strange as to be beyond the understanding of any scientist. Physicists and chemists alike must have more respect for the capacities of the lowly atom.

These amazing atom-clusters can dominate the hordes of lesser molecules around them. Many can even reproduce, feed upon living flesh, multiply, and come to rule the tissues of the host upon which they feed, and often kill it. Hence, some of these molecules must be considered at the very threshold of life. Others we cannot escape calling *alive!*

True monsters, these. Typical ones are the murderous germs, or viruses, which cause infantile paralysis, smallpox, yellow fever, influenza, and the common cold. Certain kinds of cancer are induced by virus molecules.

Yet such molecules, each a germ able to set up infection, can be extracted from the juices of diseased tissues and then concentrated by the millions into quite solid, apparently lifeless crystals, gemlike in symmetry and beauty. And any smallest fragment of a crystal remains infective. Death still lurks in the concentrated molecules, themselves alive.

"Living molecules!" Chemists and physicists ponder. "We have never heard of such things before. All animate beings heretofore known consist of many, many molecules—man, of countless trillions."

STILL, these viruses are no more than molecules; gigantic ones, it is true, but nevertheless simply molecules, each of which has a definite chemical formula. And experimenters have synthesized hundreds of thousands of different molecules, including a multitude with highly intricate formulas.

Man can synthesize molecules which are alive. He can create life.

This almost incredible fact is just dawning upon the world of science. But, however incredible, straight down the path of present chemical advance lies man-made life. The laboratory manufacture of simple types of living beings is already theoretically possible.

Scientific hope of success in this grand attempt of man arose only within the past few months, following the digestion of reports from a handful of pioneers: three Americans—Drs. Wendell M. Stanley, John H. Northrop, and Ralph W. G. Wyckoff, all of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, at Princeton, and one Swede—Dr. Thé Svedberg.

Stanley is the first to track down virus molecules and concentrate them into the form of crystals, that state which symbolizes chemical purity. And he has proved that the giant atom-constellations making up his crystals are members of a familiar class of chemical compounds, the proteins, regarded as the foundation stones upon which all the architectures of life are constructed. Hence, viruses are closely similar to such proteins as hemoglobin, which makes blood red, and albumin, chief portion of egg white.

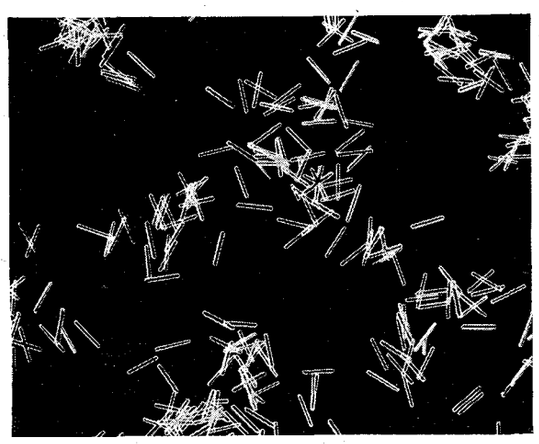
Wyckoff confirms Stanley's findings, helps him obtain new viruses, and determines their sizes, shapes, activities.

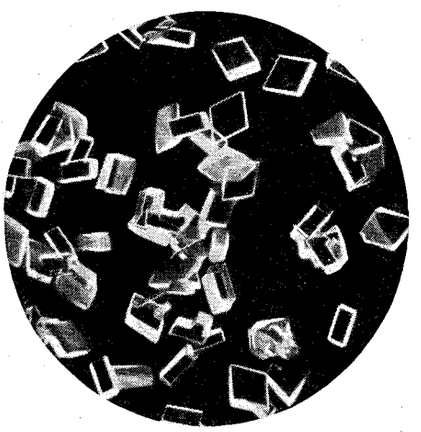
Northrop is the foremost investigator of those peculiar proteins, such as pepsin of the stomach's gastric juice and trypsin of pancreatic juice—ferments, or enzymes, kin of the viruses, yet main activators and regulators of the body's stupendous system of physicochemical reactions. Great molecules of digestive ferments, like pepsin, grapple with the molecules of our swallowed food, tear them part from part, render them into absorbable state. Other huge enzyme-molecules, hidden deep within our cells, seize upon these food fragments, push them into new configurations, yoke them together. Thanks to enzymes, we are alive.

Northrop's labors verify the existence of uncanny molecular giants, add to the evidence that they are proteins, mark the beginning of real understanding of life's secrets.

Svedberg, renowned for his introduction of precision into measurements of this race of giants, today is telling us how these huge fellows writhe about in acid or alkali, how they glide along under the influence of electric attraction, how they crack themselves apart and put themselves together again. Thus Svedberg (who already has one Nobel Prize) clarifies their behavior, their startling characteristics, their subtleties: and mystifies physicists.

EACH OF THESE crystals is made up of many molecules of trypsin, an enzyme that is found in the digestive juice of the pancreas





THESE CRYSTALS are chymo-trypsin, whose molecules assist in the digestion of our protein food, such as lean meat

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BUSINESS

Stock market jitters

IN 1929, one of the maxims of Wall Street was that the stock market ran six months ahead of business. Which meant that whatever course the market took, within six months business would act likewise. When the SEC came into power, its aim was to make the market reflect the current state of business. Now, after the recent gyrations in the market, investors wonder whether the market is a prophet, a mirror, or a lunatic.

And they have good reason to wonder, too. Week before last, stocks plummeted on Monday in the worst break in six years, recovered on Tuesday in the broadest market in history, advanced again on Wednesday and Thursday, and, like a dying fish, flip-flopped around the rest of the week. At the beginning of last week, stock values were $25,000,000,000 below their August peak, had fallen, in fact, right back to where they were in early 1935.

Catching their breaths after that hectic week, observers scouted around seeking reasons for the break. Comparisons between the panic of October, 1929, and the crash of October, 1937, showed the following (according to the *Standard Statistics* index of 90 stocks): Eight years ago, stocks plummeted 45 per cent between September 7 and November 13. This year, stocks flopped 38 per cent between August 14 and October 18. But comparisons of basic conditions then and now showed no overexpansion of credit today as then (unless you view bank absorption of government bonds as such), no great amount of brokers' loans outstanding as in 1929, and certainly no overdevelopment in heavy industries.

Why, then, the drop?

While brokerage clerks worked well into each night catching up on their bookkeeping, stock-market chartists (who spend half their time predicting the trend, the other half correcting past predictions) figured it all out.

To them it was quite simple: The gradual sinking of stocks during the past six months resulted from stringent SEC regulations; the precipitate drop two weeks ago was due to liquidation of margin accounts.

Criticising the SEC is a favorite pastime with Wall Street. The best of such criticism came recently from Charles R. Gay, New York Stock Exchange president (who complained that SEC regulations resulted in thin, non-liquid markets), and more recently from Winthrop W. Aldrich, chairman of the Chase National Bank, who compiled the rest of Wall Street's complaints (see DIGEST, October 30). Last week, Wall Street had four major objections to SEC rules; this week, it has three, as a result of a Federal Reserve Board ruling. In other words, Wall Street has one down and three to go.

1. Margin requirements. Until this week, a 55 per cent margin was required on all margin-account purchases, which was permitted to slide to 30 per cent in a market decline. Wall Streeters argued that this margin froze accounts and kept investors from "averaging down" (buying more stock at a lower price to average the total cost). Thus, the potential support of market professionals in a falling market was obviated.

Now, the Federal Reserve Board rules that 40 per cent instead of 55 per cent is all the margin an investor need put up on new purchases. On the other hand, from now on, all short sales must be covered by a new 50 per cent margin. To the Wall Street fraternity, this means an easing of regulations on stock purchases, a stiffening of requirements on short selling —all told, a good thing.

2. Corporation insiders. Executives of companies who own more than 10 per cent of their company's stock must file monthly reports with the SEC. Formerly (before SEC), in a falling market, once their company's stock fell below what they knew it actually to be worth, they would rush in and buy, and thus support the market. Now, if they buy their company's stock and sell it at a profit within six months, they must turn their profits over to their company. If they sustain a loss, they may keep it.

3. SEC's "inquisitorial" visits. The SEC has been investigating any stock transactions involving 5000 shares or more. Large traders complain that such "visits" give them less privacy than a goldfish, and discourage them from trading on a large scale.

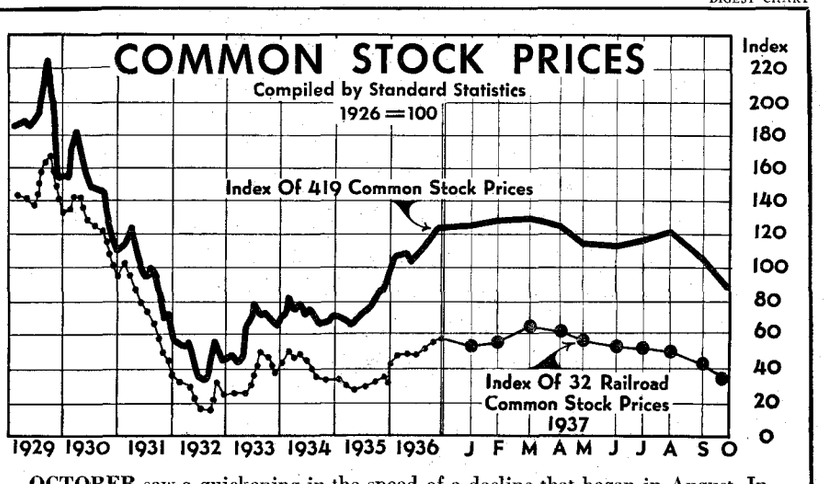
4. Capital gains tax. This tax applies to profits from the sale of securities. Wall Streeters contend it is too high, prevents them from selling securities on a rising market, causes the market to go still higher, and accentuates any drop that may come subsequently.

On the other side of the fence, anti-Wall Streeters cry that the market's decline was caused, not by the New Deal, but by the Big Bad Bankers, who, in an effort to sell the government short, advised their customers to sell out their securities before the deluge came. From these ardent New Dealers came threats of investigations into concerted short selling, manipulation, and the bear raids of Big Bankers.

To dispassionate observers, the market's drop was due neither to the SEC nor to the Big Bankers, but to two other fundamental factors: 1. Stock prices had climbed uninterruptedly for two years, and were too high. 2. Recently there had been a recession in business activity which justified the slump.

Among factors contributing to this business recession are the surplus profits tax (which compels corporations to pay out all their earnings, hurts small companies with little cash reserves more than big ones), drooping commodity prices, lack of new capital flotations, a letdown in building construction, a decline in steel activity, fears over foreign wars, and uncertainty over New Deal policies. Perhaps the most irritating depressant of all is the fact that businesses will enjoy smaller profits, the result of higher costs and wages. These factors, combined, depress stock prices. Conversely, falling stock prices depress business confidence.

DIGEST CHART



OCTOBER saw a quickening in the speed of a decline that began in August. In two months (up to last week), thirty cents had been knocked from each dollar of market value of America's leading corporations, and prices were back at levels barely above the optimistic points that had been reached back in 1933 and 1934

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MOVIE of the WEEK

Stand-In

THE HOLLYWOOD scene emerges again, this time under the title *Stand-In.* It is becoming a mania, or—as the industry more reticently phrases it—a trend. If doubts still lurk as to the inside workings of the west coast glamour *mill,* haste to Walter Wanger's new film where Joan Blondell, Leslie Howard and others reveal the art of picture making.

This is education at its easiest—a lesson in Hollywoodism sugar-coated with endless gags and comic situations. While the screen is revealing corn-flake snow, dollies (those cranes that carry cameras and sound recorders), and other mysteries of the sound stage, Miss Blondell pops forth with her philosophical observation:

"When a star thinks she's too inspired to perspire, the stand-in does the sweating for her."

Her statement is supposed to enlighten Mr. Howard, an effort in which it fails wretchedly, since he knows less about the picture business than your six-months-old baby. As the solemn, bespectacled (!) Atterbury Dodd, he is the white hope of Pettypacker & Sons, New York's most ultraconservative banking house. Fowler Pettypacker, aged 98, and played by Tully Marshall as a dead ringer for a recently deceased oil magnate, sends Atterbury out to turn the Colossal Film Company into a lucrative investment.

Now, Atterbury Dodd is a very brilliant young man when it comes to adding up figures on Wall Street, but he's a yokel from 'way back in the face of celluloid sociology. He just can't see why a film business doesn't behave like an ordinary stock or bond. Fortunately for Mr. Dodd, Lester Plum (Joan Blondell) takes him under her wing as soon as he arrives. *Stand-In,* from this point, is Atterbury's baptism in fire, alleviated by Miss Plum's baffling interpretations of filmland.

She teaches him jujitsu—using him as the subject. She tries to explain why half a dozen writers have to work on one script and what the director meant when he said there still wasn't any "umph" in it. She also tries to teach him about sex appeal and kisses.

That last phase of his education takes her all the way to the end of the picture, when he suddenly interrupts a letter he is dictating to say, "Miss Plum, will you marry me?"

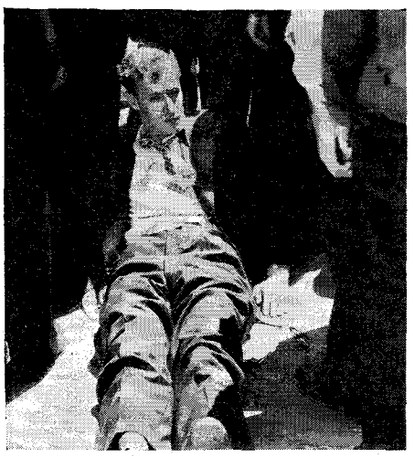
"What—no build-up?" queries the stunned heroine.

The Howard performance is a knockout, destined to surprise his vast audience who have never seen him do a comedy character part. Miss Blondell is so typically Hollywood that she glides through her role as if there weren't a camera within miles. Humphrey Bogart, cast as the producer and sole honest executive of Colossal, proves that he can be sympathetic as competently as he has been villainous in the past. Alan Mowbray gives a hilarious caricature of the temperamental foreign director. Special laurels go to those loony script writers, Gene Towne and Graham Baker, for kidding the pants off the industry, and to Tay Garnett, the director, for sustaining the burlesque spirit throughout.

Stand-In, being a Hollywood product, naturally descends into plenty of sentimental glorification at the end, but so did *A Star Is Born.* Movies have feelings like the rest of us. We can't expect them to spank themselves all the time.

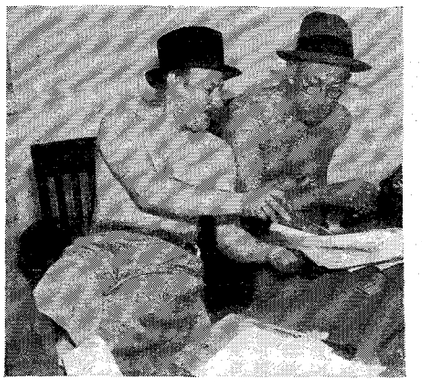
—Donita Ferguson.

His first Hollywood act: Leslie Howard returns Joan Blondell's shoe



Still a New York yokel, he's a surprised target for local haymakers

Tables turn: he has just beaten the boys, now he's proposing to Joan



Unheavenly twins at work: authors Gene Towne and Graham Baker

Stand-In's Joan Blondell smokes with her stand-in, Connie Rae

ALSO—

The Awful Truth (Columbia)—Farce. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant mutually suspect domestic infelicity, start a divorce and end up repentant. Hilarious urban insanity.

There Goes the Groom (RKO)—Farce. Example of what not to do to a promising actor. Burgess Meredith (of *Winterset* fame) struggles heroically against odds of an inferior cast and silly story.

Alcatraz Island (Warner)—Prison. A racketeer, minus the glory or villainy of usual screen criminals, provides a new twist, with the background of Al Capone's present home.

The Bride Wore Red (MGM)—Comedy. Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone in a shabby Cinderella theme. Neither Tyrol background nor Robert Young and Billie Burke can help much.

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RELIGION

Chaos in Germany

"A NATION which has gone through four years of war and fifteen of Marxism has no use for theological nonsense." This dictum, uttered by Propaganda Minister Joseph Paul Goebbels, was the rallying cry of the nazi regime last week as it took decisive action to end the Protestant phase of the four-year-old state-church fight. In one swoop, through the Prussian Superior Court, it outlawed the opposition Confessional Synod in the conviction of one of its pastors for taking a forbidden collection.

Quick to give superlegal status to the verdict, the Ministry of Justice ruled: "The German Evangelical Church comprises only those members and groups that recognize the church regime established by Chancellor Adolf Hitler and his church ministers. It does not, however, recognize groups which contest the legality of the state-appointed church regime. The Confessional movement is no longer part of the German Evangelical Religious Association and thus has no claims for rights of religious association recognized by the state."

Can such tactics, which silenced the great political parties and war veterans' organizations, succeed with religious enemies? Bismarck met his most ignominious defeat in 1878 in his *Kulturkampf* against the Catholic Church, and Benito Mussolini in 1929 gave up a hopeless battle against the Vatican.

Sitting in the Chancellery in the Wilhelmstrasse, Adolf Hitler was willing to bet his Iron Cross that he would succeed. Born of a Catholic family, the Fuehrer was reared a good Catholic; lost his faith like many another Austro-German in the mad days of the War. As he rose to power, he saw in the church only a stumbling block to his dictatorship goal, and attacked Catholics as roundly as he did Jews and Bolsheviks. Shrewdly, he disarmed a suspecting populace in 1933 by declaring for a "positive Christianity" in his regime.

Once in power, however, Hitler began to play a sly game with the 41,000,000 Protestants of the Lutheran and Reformed denominations and the 21,200,000 Roman Catholics. With the Catholics he signed a concordat promising every possible liberty of action. With the Protestants he effected a merger, creating out of twenty-eight regional churches the German Evangelical Church with a Reich bishop at its head.

Tackling the Protestant church first, his religious janizaries promptly went to work. Mild Reichbishop Friedrich von Bodelschwingh, peoples' choice, was deposed and Dr. Ludwig Mueller, ex-army chaplain, was made church head. Mueller flirted with an element within the nazi religious fold known as the German Christians, who leaned to Nordic mysticism, and launched himself upon a blundering career which soon drew frowns from the Fuehrer himself.

Old-fashioned Lutherans and Calvinists demurred, and a split in the merged Protestantism quickly resulted. Protesting against rewriting of psalms, revamping of rituals, placing of swastikas on altars, and holding services in brown shirts, these dissidents formed the Confessional Synod. It embraced about twenty of the original twenty-eight state churches. Heading it was Dr. Martin Niemoeller, forty-five, Wartime submarine commander, ex-Hitler follower, who preached in the Jesus Christus Kirche in the Berlin suburb of Dahlem, and currently is in prison awaiting trial for sedition.

As usual in church schisms, the two factions divided into moderates and extremists and finally Chancellor Hitler named his fellow beer hall putschist of 1923, Hanns Kerrl, as Church Minister to end the chaos. Herr Kerrl showed which side he was on when he announced: "The question of the divinity of Jesus Christ is ridiculous and unessential. A new authority has risen as to what Christ and Christianity really are—Adolf Hitler."

NO GERMAN close to the nazi general staff will deny that Adolf Hitler's real interest is the neopaganism which he holds is the only compatible theism in his racist philosophy. He has supported it chiefly through the new National Church and his Hitler Youth movement. The National Church seeks to fuse Germanism and Christianity, believes that God revealed himself in Christ to the whole world and in Hitler to Germany. Its 1200 (out of a total of 22,000) pastors in the Protestant Church wear brown shirts and preach for the most part in beer halls owing to their hatred for "Jewish" church liturgy and symbolism.

But the spearhead of Hitler's neopaganism is the 9,000,000-strong Hitler Youth. Their leader is Baldur von Schirach, a blond youngster more pagan than his mustached leader. Their prophet is Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, debonair ex-Russian officer, described by the Fuehrer as the thinker he most respects in National Socialism. Rosenberg is editor of Hitler's personal news organ, *Völkischer Beobachter*, and bears the grandiloquent title of Commissioner of the Fuehrer for the Supervision, Instruction, and Education of the National Socialist Movement.

WIDE WORLD

MARTIN NIEMOELLER, Wartime submarine commander, now a clergyman in prison awaiting trial

Rosenberg rejects the Creator God, the Sermon on the Mount, the Cross, and the Resurrection theory; he respects Jesus as a hero, but insists He was a Nordic superman. To him, too, God has revealed Himself anew as Adolf Hitler.

On Sundays, Von Schirach leads his young charges to ancient tribal meeting places and there preaches to them the heroics of Nordic mythology. In school the teachers inform their charges that they can dispense with Christianity—and they do not even have to tell their parents!

This campaign among the youth has drawn chief complaint from the Catholic side. Children, they say, not only are not allowed to join confessional groups, but are deprived of religious teachings in the school. Which is true. The nazi authorities recently ousted the priests from the schools, and today all religious instruction is given by lay teachers. In consequence, bishops advise parents to give religious training at home. Last June all Catholic public schools in Bavaria were closed.

Although Adolf Hitler has claimed continuous triumph in his fight against church rebels, the paradox of the whole fight has been the packed pews in both Protestant and Catholic churches throughout the country. This is easy to understand, because the press is closed to both churches and the pulpit is the only source of news to the harassed parishes. What will happen to the Confessional Church, outlawed, its pulpits dwindling, and 105 of its pastors behind bars, was anybody's guess last week.

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The Spice of Life

(Title registered U. S. Patent Office)

"Do you carry spare parts?"
"Yes, sir. You want a new steering wheel?"
"No, I need everything else new—the steering wheel is the only thing left."—*Holite Humour, London*

Help—*Student:* "Teacher, will you help me with this problem?"
Teacher: "I would, only I don't think it would be right."
—*Boys' Life.*

Fancy—*Employer:* "What do you mean by telling me that you had had seven years' experience in a bank when you never had a job before?"
Youth: "Well, you advertised for a man with imagination."—*Montreal Gazette.*

Trouble Aplenty—He dashed up to the bar and hollered: "Gimme a double-header, quick, before the trouble starts!"
The bartender did, and he drank it.
"Gimme another double-header—before the trouble starts!"
Bartender, puzzled, did, and asked: "Before what trouble starts?"
He replied, sadly: "It's started now. I ain't got any money."—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

Heard In Court—*Magistrate:* "What is the man charged with?"
Constable: "He is a camera fiend of the worst kind, sir."
Magistrate: "But he shouldn't have been arrested just because he has a mania for taking pictures."
Constable: "It isn't that, sir—he takes the cameras."
—*Providence Journal.*

Another One—A Scottish horseman went into a saddler's shop and asked for one spur.
"But why only one spur?" asked the puzzled clerk.
Replied Jock: "Well, if I can get one side of the horse to go, the other'll go with it."—Neal O'Hara in *New York Post.*

Absent-Minded—It was a warm day, and a dull case concerning the rights of river commissioners was being argued.
Counsel made speeches of interminable length, and the judge fell into a doze.
"But we must have water here, your honor," thundered the defending lawyer in such stentorian tones that the judge came to.
"All right," he mumbled, hastily, "but only a very little in mine."—*Wichita Eagle.*

Still Able—*Clerk:* "Could you raise my salary next week, sir?"
Boss: "Well, I've managed to do it for the past three years, so I think it'll be possible next week."—*Toronto Globe and Mail.*

Candor—*He:* "Sweetheart, I love you terribly."
She: "You certainly do."—*Annapolis Log.*

Trail's End—The conceited young man had been in the hospital for some time and had been extremely well looked after by the pretty young nurse.
"Nurse," said the patient, one morning. "I'm in love with you. I don't want to get well."
"Don't worry," replied the nurse, cheerfully, "you won't. The doctor's in love with me, too, and he saw you kissing me this morning."—*Montreal Star.*

OR SO THEY SAY—

André Maurois: "The inimitable virtue of the British Constitution is that it does not exist."

Mussolini: "All my thoughts are bent on preventing war."

Italian Marshal Badoglio: "I make war; Mussolini invents it."

Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang: "Chinese soldiers travel their journey to death as if returning home."

N. Y. Justice Wenzel: "The washing of diapers and warming of baby bottles is not conducive to the maintenance of a proper self-esteem by a husband."

Sally Rand: "There isn't an actress alive who has taken better care of her morals than I have."

"No, I could not take that model—it looks too much like a hat."—*Guerin Meschino, Milan*

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If you—knowing these facts—are content to drift, you will not profit by reading further.

If on the other hand you have imagination enough to *visualize* your goal—to actually see yourself in a home of your own, enjoying the comforts and luxuries of life—if, in short, you are a man of *purpose*, the coupon below may shorten your journey to success by many years.

Note, please, that the coupon names different lines of training and that it will bring you full particulars of the training which appeals to you, together with your copy of that most inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One"—all without obligation. If you want success, and are willing to pay the price, ACT!

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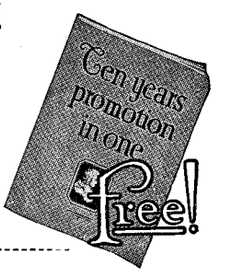

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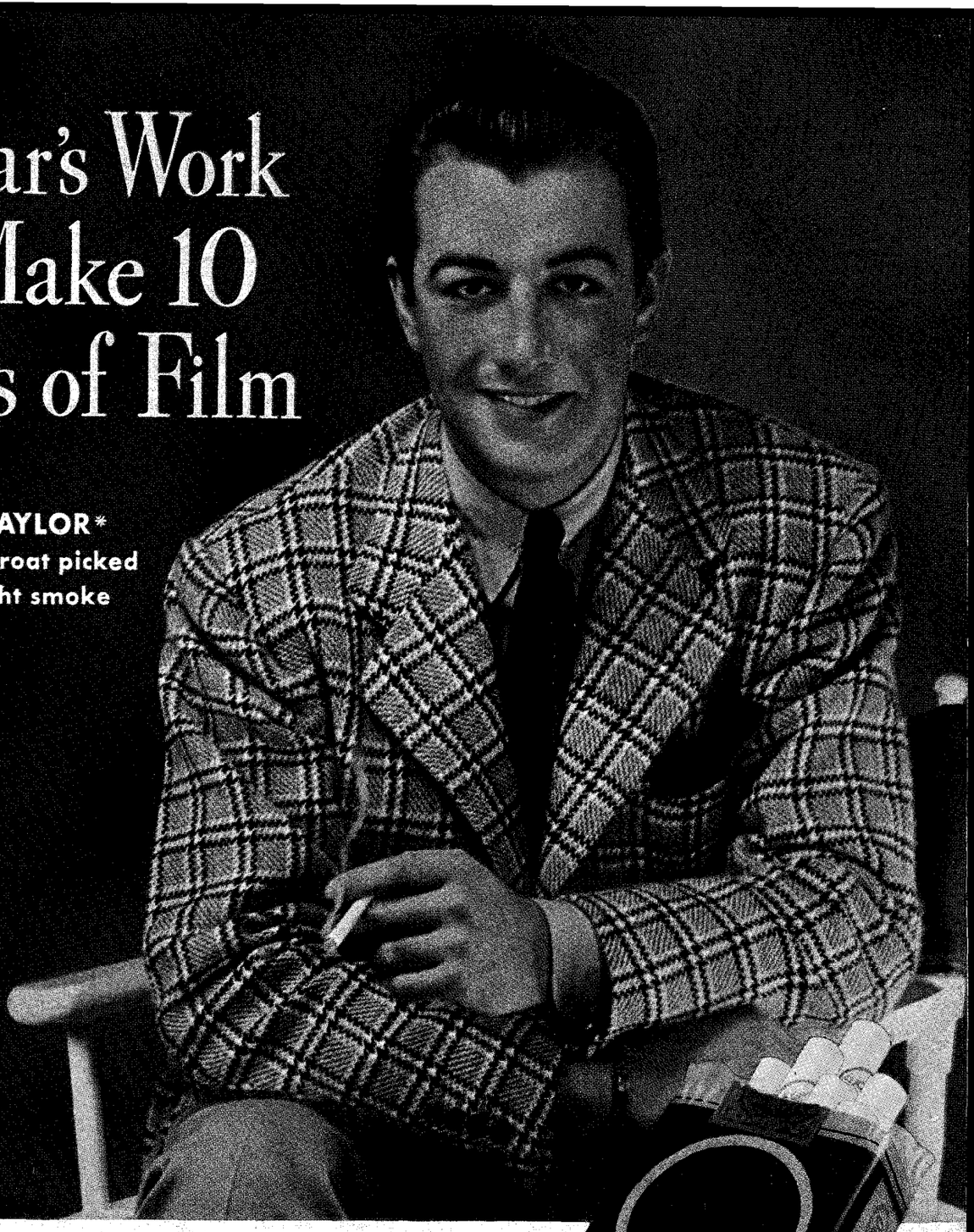
A Year's Work to Make 10 Hours of Film



ROBERT TAYLOR*
tells how his throat picked Luckies, a light smoke

"MY 8 PICTURES this year," says Robert Taylor, "run about 10 hours on the screen. But that meant over 2,000 hours of work for me... During all this acting I found Luckies gentle on my throat. I started smoking them 7 years ago."

Luckies are easy on your throat because the "Toasting" process takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco—even the finest.

And Luckies do use the finest tobacco. Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined.

In the impartial, honest judgment of the experts...the men who know tobacco best... it's Luckies—2 to 1.

*STAR OF METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S "YANK AT OXFORD"

WITH TOBACCO EXPERTS...
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST
It's Luckies 2 to 1

Luckies—A Light Smoke

Easy on your throat—"It's Toasted"

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